



No. 466.—VOL. XXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT,

WHO HAS BEEN CAST TO PLAY ENID IN MR. GRUNDY'S NEW COMEDY, "FROCKS AND FRILLS," TO BE PRODUCED AT THE  
HAYMARKET THEATRE TO-MORROW EVENING.

*From a Photograph by the Rembrandt Portrait Studio, Mortimer Street, W.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The King's Christmas—The New Regulations for Levées—De Wet's Christmas Eve—The New Dress for Officers.*

THE King and the Queen usually enjoy their Christmas at Sandringham in thoroughly British fashion, and take pleasure in the giving of presents and in the feasting of children and tenants and servants; but Jack Frost and his attendant imps of chills and draughts and colds spare Royalties as little as they do other people, and, the Queen having caught a severe cold, their Majesties spent their Christmas very quietly in the good city of London. It must have been quite ten years since their Majesties last spent Christmas at Marlborough House. We all rejoiced to hear Queen Alexandra was well enough to accompany the King to Sandringham for the New Year celebrations.

The new regulations with respect to Drawing-Rooms and Levées leave the latter State functions practically untouched. Ladies in low-cut gowns and towering ostrich-feathers will no longer sit on a spring afternoon cased in coaches in the Mall—a wonderful sight for the gamins of London to look at and remark upon; but the slim young Yeomanry officers in their wonderful Hussar uniforms and the retired Generals straining the buttons of their tunics almost to bursting-point will still walk down St. James's Street in the sunshine on Levée days; the diplomats will still be seen in the carriages; the Yeomen of the Guard will march from their rendezvous, as of yore, in full daylight, plain for all men to see.

That it has not been necessary to make any new regulations for presentations at Levées is a proof, were one needed, that the Briton has not developed any taste at the beginning of the Twentieth Century for "dressing-up," and that the donning of a Court-suit or a tight uniform and an appearance in public in it is not looked upon as a pleasure. The announcement that a presentation to Her late Majesty the Queen will be held equivalent to a presentation to their present Majesties has been received with a sigh of relief by many a retired officer who thought that loyalty must induce him to have fresh gold-lace put on an old tunic and to face the long wait in the ante-chambers of St. James's once again.

The ubiquitous De Wet has once again made good his claim to be the most dangerous of the guerilla chiefs opposed to us in South Africa. The camp he attacked contained all the material for the work of erecting a chain of blockhouses which, when completed, will seriously hinder the movements of the flying commandoes. De Wet, at least, did not believe in the kindly sentiment of the first carol ever sung on Christmas Eve, "Peace upon earth and goodwill amongst men."

It is to be hoped that the dress now ordered, in the circular letter sent out by the Adjutant-General, to be worn by regimental officers, may be a "sealed pattern" not liable to be changed again in a few months' time, for the change of coat and belt and slings means, at least, a ten-pound note drawn from the purse of every Infantry officer in the Service, and that just at a time when all the reformers are lecturing our officers on their extravagance. That the new dress is a sensible one I believe. In the Crimean days, the officers of our Infantry wore a blue frock-coat which was a very comfortable, very handsome garment, and when this coat was done away with, except for the Guards, and the patrol-jacket substituted, there was considerable grumbling at the change. Now the frock-coat, in some form or another, is to be re-introduced for the Infantry officer's undress uniform. The Cavalry regiments were at one period of the incessant changes given their choice between frock-coats and jackets. Some regiments chose one, some the other, and the Colonels of the time ordered just what embroidery they thought would look best on the sleeves. Now all Cavalry regiments are to discard "regimental patters," and it will be interesting to see what the new garment will be like. If it resembles the Infantry one, I fear that the fledgling *beau sabreurs*, who always profess to look down on "Grabbies," will be seriously offended.

In putting the sash round the waist of officers once more, the authorities are only returning to the old and sensible fashion. The strong, light silk sash that an officer wore round his waist in the days of Marlborough and of the Peninsular War was useful as well as ornamental. It could be used as a rope in scaling, and many a gallant fellow was carried out of action on slings of sashes. The change from the waist to the shoulder was, I believe, a far from happy inspiration of the Prince Consort, who thought that an officer's sash should be worn as though it were the ribbon of an Order. Her late Majesty would never consent to any change being made in this mode of wearing the sash—at least, so far as any officers on duty near her person were concerned. General officers were some time ago ordered to wear their gold-and-red sashes round their waists; but a special exception was made in the case of Generals holding office at Court, who still were to wear them over their shoulders.

The full-dress of all our regiments will remain unchanged, except that gold sashes and sword-belts will disappear from the Infantry, gold trouser-stripes will be luxuries of the past throughout the Service, and the naval-pattern cap will replace all other forage-caps. Tunic, blue frock-coat, trousers with cloth stripes, fighting-dress of drab, and the mess-dress with open waistcoat will in future be the kit of an officer, except in Scottish and Rifle regiments. If—and I wish I could believe that there is no "if" in the matter—this change is final, the expense of uniform for an officer joining the Infantry will be considerably lessened.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*A Happy New Year!—The New Issue of Stamps—"The Man in the Street" at Bath—Widening London Bridge—Wanted, a New Bridge Across the Thames—Pottering About in Piccadilly—Street Changes in the Coming Year.*

A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR to all readers of *The Sketch* from "The Man in the Street," and may we have a more prosperous time than we had last year. To-day we begin the second year of the reign of Edward VII., and the date is marked by the sale at all post-offices of the new stamps bearing the King's head. The only stamps on sale are those of the value of halfpenny, penny, twopence-halfpenny, and sixpence, and to the great majority of us they are the first ocular demonstration we have had that a new reign has actually begun. I had the privilege of seeing the new stamps about ten days ago, and I am glad to see that red is again to be the colour of the penny stamp, instead of the washy purple to which we have been condemned for so long. The new stamp is delineated in "Small Talk."

When a 'busman has a holiday, he gets on the top of a 'bus, just behind the driver, and converses in jerks with his fellow-whip about the horses and the state of the streets. When an actor is resting, he likes to go to a theatre "on his face" to see what his friends and rivals are doing. In the same way, "The Man in the Street," when he has a holiday, frequently changes the streets of London for the streets of some provincial town. I have been down at Bath, where the typical "Man in the Street" is to be found in Milsom Street. By the way, Milsom Street is the thoroughfare with what are known as the "half-crown side" and the "shilling side," the shops on the former side being held to be much smarter than those across the road. I don't see much difference myself, but, then, I come from London.

This month the widening of London Bridge is to be taken in hand, and I am glad to see that the bridge is not to be pulled down or spoiled, but to be widened by the ingenious plan of putting a new footpath independent of but supported by the main structure. The present bridge will then be all roadway and the foot-passengers will walk along the new overhanging path. The width of the bridge when it is finished will be sixty-five feet, and one of the great advantages of the scheme is that the traffic will not be interfered with in any way while the alterations are going on.

Waterloo Bridge is another that wants widening, but it would be a difficult thing to do it without spoiling the look of the structure. But even better than widening Waterloo Bridge would be the building of a new bridge at Charing Cross, instead of the Hungerford pathway which now runs by the side of the railway. A new bridge crossing the Thames from the bottom of Northumberland Avenue and going under the railway into Waterloo Bridge Road just by the South-Western terminus would be a great relief to traffic and would enable people to get to Waterloo by a short-cut, instead of having to drive round either by Waterloo or Westminster Bridges. It is an improvement to London which is really greatly needed, and I make a present of the idea to the London County Council when next they are spoiling for a job.

But before we get the bridge which we really want, we shall have to put up with the widening of Piccadilly in the one place in which it does not want to be widened. I noticed workmen pegging off the piece of the Green Park opposite Hyde Park Corner the other day, and, instead of having a fine curve there, we shall soon have a straight line. The alteration won't do a scrap of good to anyone, as at that end of Piccadilly the worst block is always at the bottom of Hamilton Place, on the other side of the roadway. Some little good might be done by shearing off the forecourt in front of the houses to the west of Hamilton Place, and so making a curve instead of a right-angle for the omnibuses to turn up. There is always a frightful jamb at that corner, and it is chiefly caused by the 'buses going from Victoria to the Marble Arch. Hamilton Place is so narrow that there is room for only two files of vehicles, and until the street is widened the crush must continue, even if Piccadilly were to include the whole of the Green Park.

Last year saw an enormous number of changes in the streets of London, and many old landmarks familiar to "The Man in the Street" have disappeared. All the north side of the Strand from the Gaiety to St. Mary's has disappeared, Holywell Street has gone, and the new front of the Hôtel Cecil has taken the place of the row of shops facing the Strand. These are only a few out of the many. I wonder what next year will do for us. For one thing, the new public offices in Whitehall, opposite the Admiralty and behind the Foreign Office, will rise well above ground, and the new electric "Tubes" will probably have made some progress. Then we shall be able to see what the Strand-to-Holborn improvements look like, and I suppose that the new Gaiety Theatre will begin to show. Anyhow, what with the Coronation and the alterations in the streets, it will be an eventful year for "The Man in the Street." So here's good luck and plenty of it for all of us!





FIGURES FROM "BLUE BEARD." THE GRAND DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.



## THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB LADIES' DINNER.

THE Annual Ladies' Dinner of the Playgoers' Club was held at the Hôtel Cecil on Sunday se'nnight, and passed off very successfully. The event of the evening was a brilliantly witty speech made by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, the "chair-lady." Amongst those who contributed to the very pleasant entertainment that followed the dinner were Mr. Robb Harwood, Miss Florence Collingbourne, Miss Madge Girdlestone, and many other notable artistes.

## THE CHAPERON.

*No More Drawing-Rooms!—"By Invitation Only"—The King and Queen's Christmas—Coronation Items—An Interesting Legacy—Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his New Property, Dalham Hall, Newmarket.*

THE afternoon Drawing-Rooms have gone for ever. These Royal functions were unique of their kind and obtained only in England. I remember hearing, many years ago, that they were a fancy of Prince Albert, who hated evening receptions and thought them overtiring for the Queen. The story goes that one dainty little Princess, a favourite though not a relation of our Royal Family, once observed to a gracious lady on whom there sometimes fell the unpleasant duty of holding a Drawing-Room on behalf of the late Sovereign, "How I pity you, my dear, for having to preside over the Grand Wax-work Show!" Royal Courts are likely to prove at once more stately and more familiar functions. Ladies will only be received by invitation, and it is possible that the Queen will hold a débutantes' Court at certain stated times, as is done at the Belgian Court. The King has seen so many great functions at the European Courts that no one can feel surprised that His Majesty has determined to abolish the absurd anachronism known to the Victorian social world as a Royal Drawing-Room.

Ten years had gone by since the King and Queen spent their last Christmas in London. So really the disappointment felt in Norfolk last week was rather unreasonable, the more so that their Majesties were represented at Sandringham by the Prince and Princess of Wales. I hear the Queen did not care to leave Marlborough House while Miss Knollys was ill, and then, while this point was being debated, Her Majesty herself caught a chill. Miss Knollys is one of the sweetest and noblest women in the world. Had she not consecrated her whole life to her Royal Mistress and friend, the world might have heard much of her, for she possesses real intellect and the kind of personality which makes its owner a Florence Nightingale. As it is, she is quite content with her present honoured place by the Queen's side. Their Majesties' children are each and all warmly attached to her, and it is thought in some quarters that, on the occasion of the Coronation, she will be made a Peeress.

The Coronation is shaping into a splendidly gorgeous function. It is said that the King is determined that the scene in the Abbey shall be at least as imposing as was the last Russian function of the kind, and that, accordingly, the somewhat dingy precedents afforded by the last three British Coronations are not to be too closely followed. This is why the Peeresses' robes are to be modified. The Norfolk House models were felt to be too ugly and ungraceful.

People are wondering as to whether there will be any Royal motor-cars in the great Coronation Procession which is evidently to be the popular function of Coronation Week. Of course, when Queen Victoria was crowned, the State-coach was the centre of all eyes, but next June will see many other Royal carriages quite as splendid and elaborately ornamented as will be the State-landau in which the King and Queen will themselves be seated. The Prince of Wales's Coronation-coach is

even now being actively pushed forward, and will soon be completed. His Royal Highness has also ordered quite a number of other State-carriages, and these will probably be used to convey Royal visitors to and from the Abbey on the great day itself. Of course, all the principal Peers, especially those who have large London mansions, have splendid State coaches, and these are also being renovated, re-lined with silk or velvet, and in some cases re-emblazoned, with a view to next June.

It already looks as if people would have to sleep in the shops on the eventful day itself. I hear of one Dowager-Duchess who has let her house for June only for close on £4000!

An interesting bequest has just been made public. It is not often that Royal personages receive what may be called private windfalls in the way of bequests. The foundation, however, of the considerable private fortune which the late Sovereign was able to leave to her relations not particularly well provided for was laid in this manner. The affection also felt by the Rev. Mr. Birch, who was for so long tutor to the Prince of Wales, for his Royal pupil and for the latter's children was shown by his leaving the three young Princesses of Wales some of his most precious possessions, and now the Prince of Wales has been left by the late Lord Keane a really splendid collection of arms and walking-sticks. His Royal Highness is a great collector of curios of all sorts, in this sharing the taste of many of his forbears, though not of his beautiful mother, who collects lovely and curious objects only in order that she may pass them on to those to whom she is attached. Another Royal collector is the Duke of Cambridge, who possesses snuff-boxes belonging to every period of British and French art. They are most beautifully arranged

in two huge cases in the fine apartment at Gloucester House which overlooks Piccadilly, and, as His Royal Highness is fond of giving away good specimens to intimate friends and relations, it often happens that there are several blanks in the cases, soon, however, filled up either by new purchases or by gifts from the ex-Commander-in-Chief's friends, who are one and all well aware of his hobby.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes is taking very kindly to our country life. His Scottish experiences seem to have given him a zest for more, and he has just bought Dalham Hall from Sir Robert Affleck. Dalham Hall is quite one of the show-places at Newmarket.



MRS. TREE AND OTHER NOTABLES AT THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB LADIES' DINNER.

The Management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre an-

nounce that the time of commencement for "Katawampus" has been altered from 2.30 to 3 o'clock. Doors open at 2.30.

There will be a novel feature in the Children's Fancy-Dress Ball at the Empress Rooms of the Royal Palace Hotel, next Saturday night, in aid of "Our Dumb Friends' League." The little people are requested to bring gifts of toys in the shape of animals, and during the evening a procession will be formed and the toys presented, to be afterwards forwarded to the "Children's Happy Evenings" Association, in which Lady Dilke and other philanthropic ladies are interested.

Sir William Treloar, cheeriest and handsomest of City Aldermen, heralded the New Year with the customary feast to the poor crippled children of London in the Guildhall, generously given by the Corporation for this bright charitable banquet. This is indubitably the most pleasing and touching sight of the season in the biggest-hearted city in the world. Sir William Treloar, honoured with the hearty encouragement and patronage of King Edward, and favoured with substantial contributions from the Corporation and hosts of friends, has secured the co-operation of the Ragged School Union in the management of this colossal treat, which is countenanced likewise by the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and Sheriffs. The New Year's Eve feast to the regiment of Tiny Tims and sister sufferers was preceded by a similarly benevolent function in Guildhall Yard, whence Sir William Treloar despatched hampers filled with meat-pies, cakes, plum-puddings, packets of tea and of sweetmeats to five thousand poor crippled youngsters in London unable to attend the banquet. Mr. John Kirk's experience is of great service in the organisation of this monster feast.



## THE LATE EDWARD ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

A SHADOW was cast over London Art-circles in Christmas week by the death, on Dec. 23, of our great sculptor, Edward Onslow Ford, R.A., whose wonderfully realistic colossal statue of Her late Majesty at the Royal Academy, executed for Manchester, attracted public attention almost as much as Benjamin-Constant's beautiful portrait of Queen Victoria, exhibited by command of the King.

affection for their deceased friend by joining his sorrowing family in following his remains to their last resting-place in Finchley Cemetery on Friday last.

British Art has suffered an irreparable loss by the passing away of Onslow Ford in the full maturity of his powers. He suffered from a weak heart, and was not strong enough to recover from the attack of pneumonia which proved fatal. He was under fifty years of age. Born in London on July 27, 1852, he commenced his Art-studies



THE LATE MR. EDWARD ONSLOW FORD, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH W. ROBINSON, REDHILL.

Onslow Ford is represented on this page in the studio he built in the garden of his residence at 62, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood. It was there he modelled many of the masterpieces which so faithfully represent some of the most distinguished men of the Victorian era. Notable among these were the statues of Sir Rowland Hill, which adorns the Royal Exchange; of Sir Henry Irving, as Hamlet; of General Gordon, mounted on a camel; of F.-M. Lord Strathnairn; and vivid busts of Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Norfolk, Millais, Orchardson, Briton Riviere, and other of his brother Academicians, who testified their

at the Antwerp Academy, and continued them in Munich, Paris, and Berlin, in which cities his ripening skill gained for him medals. His graceful statuette of "Folly" won for him special honour at the Royal Academy; it was purchased for the nation out of the funds of the Chantrey Bequest. There is a melancholy interest in the fact that it will be by the latest of his achievements in imaginative art—by his charming statue of "Snowdrift" and a figure of "St. George," the *Daily Telegraph* says—that the genius of Onslow Ford will be called to mind at this year's Academy exhibition.



## "SIR RICHARD CALMADY."

EVERYBODY is discussing "Sir Richard Calmady," and everybody is talking of Lucas Malet's wonderful success. As is the way of the world, however, nobody thinks of what the book must have cost the writer. In these days, when slap-dash work is put on an exalted pedestal and worshipped, it is as refreshing as it is salutary to consider a great novel wrought with the deliberateness of purpose which makes for great work.

What will the people who glibly grind out a novel in a few weeks and turn out two or three or four volumes of fiction in the twelvemonth, as if it were like going to breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner—what will they say to a novel which has been in hand for thirteen years? So, at least, those who have been in Mrs. Harrison's confidence say.

Were there any doubt about the subject, an interesting and all-confirming evidence could be adduced from her great novel, "The Wages of Sin." In the fourth book, "The Drag on the Wheel," and in the third chapter, relating to the meeting in which Colthurst hears of the vacancy at the Connop School at one of Mr. Carr's Wednesday afternoon-parties, among the visitors were Sir Richard and Lady Calmady. Already they had become personages with whose peculiarities the author was on terms of great intimacy, for she could describe them very accurately. Describing Lady Calmady, she wrote: "Now, as when some twenty years ago Sir Richard Calmady first had the extreme good-fortune to meet her, she suggested a singularly entertaining cross between a Greek nymph, a Scotch deerhound, and a very well-bred Eton boy." Then she "seated herself sideways on the arm of an easy-chair. . . . She lolled, but she lolled as a long-limbed, delicately made lad lolls, or as Daphne may have lolled by the reed-grown banks of Peneus in Thessaly, ere the god loved and pursued and for ever lost her amid the green leaves of the sweet-scented thickets of myrtle."

"Dick and I are as great fools as ever, thank God!" she said quietly.

That scene occurs in the earlier half of "The Wages of Sin," and "The Wages of Sin" was published a good ten years ago. It is, therefore, practically apparent that "Sir Richard Calmady" must have been in hand considerably more than ten years.

## MR. RHODES ON THE MOVE AGAIN.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes will no longer be dependent on his brother, Colonel Rhodes, or other friends for British shootings, since he has purchased Dalham Hall, near Newmarket, mainly that he may have an agreeable residence when at home, and does not mean to establish racing-stables. The price of Dalham was something between £100,000 and £110,000, and it is considered one of the best partridge-beats for its size in England, the annual income being about £4000 per annum. Mr. Rhodes, who has been with Dr. Jameson on the Nile, has benefited at the baths at Helouan, has visited and examined, as the Khedive did also recently, the Nile barrages at Assouan. He returns to England shortly, and will then proceed to South Africa to attend to urgent business in Rhodesia. He is much pleased with the progress of the telegraph line from the Cape to Cairo, and he hopes that fifteen years hence the railway will be completed. He ought to take a trip on the Uganda Railway, which has now reached its terminus on the Victoria Nyanza. The railway on the Shire towards Nyassa is also to go on, which will be of immense benefit to the missionaries of that region and the coffee-planters at Blantyre.

## A NEW CANTATA.

Mr. Ralph Lyon, one of the masters at Malvern College, has composed a cantata which may be commended to the notice of School and College Choirs. Entitled "A Legend of Floramar," the music is written round an excellent book of romantic lyrics by Florence Perugini Campbell. The cantata was produced at the recent Annual Concert of Malvern College with great success, the Choir doing full justice to the pretty choruses. The music is bright and tuneful, and "A Legend of Floramar" should be frequently heard in school and other concerts of the future.

## PING-PONG TOURNAMENT.

The sectional winners of the first Ping-Pong Tournament at Queen's Hall met last Saturday afternoon, with the following results: Ladies: First prize (value £25), won by Miss Bantock; second (£15), Mrs. E. Houlbrook; third (£10), Miss E. Franklin; fourth (£5), Mrs. C. S. Marsland. Gentlemen: First prize (£25), won by Mr. A. Parker; second (£15), Mr. A. W. K. Ward; third (£10), Mr. M. N. Stephens; fourth (£5), Mr. C. W. Vining. Lady Clarke distributed the prizes. A second tournament at Queen's Hall is announced by Mr. Robert Newman to take place on Jan. 27 and following days.

Mr. James Welch writes from Terry's Theatre: "In your last week's issue a portrait of Miss Alice Powell appears, with the statement that she is playing in 'Sheerluck Jones.' May I point out to you that Miss Alice Powell is not a member of this Company and that the part of Madge Scarabee in 'Sheerluck Jones' is played by Miss Portia Knight?"

## A WISH

Now, when we sit alone at night  
And think of all the rush and hurry,  
The scrambling and the gruesome fight,  
The toilsome way and endless worry,  
The limping lame-dogs that we meet,  
The faltering voice that pleads so low,  
The pale, soil'd Doves in every street  
That cross us on the way we go:  
Oh! then we wish the gift was ours  
That we could play the fairy part,  
And scatter joy like rosy flowers—  
With gladness fill each drooping heart,  
To brighten up each saddened eye,  
To deck the pallid cheek with bloom,  
Bring joyous laugh instead of sigh,  
And sunshine light the darkest room;  
No storm-waves beat upon the shore,  
But song-birds' flutter fill the air;  
The roar of war be heard no more,  
But peace with plenty everywhere.

GEORGE DALZIEL.

HER MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15,  
THE LAST OF THE DANDIES, by Clyde Fitch.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S.

LYCEUM. FOURTH MONTH.  
EVERY EVENING at 8 precisely. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.  
Charles Frohman presents  
WILLIAM GILLETTE in SHERLOCK HOLMES.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Sole Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON.  
Sole Lessee, Mr. J. H. Leigh.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock precisely.  
BECKY SHARP.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST as BECKY.  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Box Office 10 to 10.  
Every Afternoon at 2.30 (Saturdays excepted), Christmas Entertainment, entitled KATAWAMPUS.  
Mr. Courtice Pounds as "Krab, the Cave Man."

GARRICK THEATRE.—Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Lessee and Manager.  
Every Evening, at 8 precisely, IRIS, by A. W. PINERO.  
Box Office (Mr. Hartley) open 10 to 10.

STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock precisely,  
A CHINESE HONEYMOON.  
A Musical Play in Two Acts.  
By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.  
LOUIE FREEAR. GRACIE LEIGH. LIONEL RIGNOLD.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. S. J. Crookes) open 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S. THE WILDERNESS.  
By H. V. Esmond. (LAST FIVE NIGHTS.)  
EVERY EVENING at 8.20.  
Box Office 10 to 10. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

ST. JAMES'S. LIBERTY HALL.  
By R. C. Carton. MATINEES EVERY DAY at 2.  
Box Office 10 to 10. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.  
SPECIAL NOTICE.—A limited number of performances of this play will be given every evening, commencing Jan. 7. Mr. Stephen Phillips's PAOLO AND FRANCESCA will be produced in FEBRUARY.  
ST. JAMES'S.

LONDON HIPPODROME,  
CRANBURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.  
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.  
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.  
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

LUXURIOUS BATHS, Hot-Air or Vapour, Perfumed or Medicated,  
on the Turkish principle, can be had in your own room at a cost of 1½d. per bath. Valuable and beautifully illustrated books, entitled "The Philosophy of Health and Beauty," "Health, Strength, Hygiene," and others, will be sent free to all who write the N. R. Century Thermal Bath Cabinet, Ltd. (Dept. 352), 203, Regent Street, London, W.

EFFECTUAL TREATMENT of OBESITY is secured by eating KALARI BISCUITS instead of bread or toast. They are palatable and starchless, contain no drugs, and have the approval of the medical profession. No severe denials necessary. Sample free.—CALLARD and CO., 65, Regent Street, London.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS! DRINK and DRUG HABITS completely conquered, controlled, and eradicated, without restraint, at patient's own home by "TACQUARU" Specific Treatment (Turvey's method). Testimonials received from officials of LONDON DIOCESAN BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. Write in confidence, or call—The Medical Superintendent, "TACQUARU" COMPANY, 2, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*A Happy New  
(Coronation) Year  
to You!*

The year which opens to-day will take its place in due course with the many notable Coronation years which stud the pages of English history. How little the good people of London and the United Kingdom can have thought on the opening day of 1837 that sixty-five years were to elapse before their fortunate country would see another Coronation year! It is pleasant to think that 1902 is opening most auspiciously with every member of the Royal Family, who each, from our popular Sovereign to the venerable octogenarian Duke of Cambridge, is in the best of health. The South African War is, apparently, at length drawing to a close, and we have in prospect the fêtes and functions of next June, to which the whole Empire looks forward with interest and eagerness.

*The King's New  
Motor-Car.*

Many Royal and Imperial persons now patronise the automobile, including the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia, who was an early convert; also the widowed Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Queen-Dowager of Italy, and the King and Queen of Italy, who are delighted with this method of locomotion. The King and Queen of Würtemberg are also devotees of this newest kind of sport. Two years ago, our own King Edward took to this form of locomotion, of which he and Queen Alexandra are equally fond. His Majesty has just ordered a new motor-car from the Daimler Motor Company, which is to be built at the Coventry works. The car is to be twenty-two horse-power, and fitted with both electric and tube ignition,



THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY IN A ROMANTIC POSE AND APPROPRIATE COSTUME.

*Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.*

while the gearing will provide for four speeds, the highest being twenty-four miles an hour. The driver's seat will accommodate two persons, while the car itself will hold half-a-dozen people. It will have an awning, a glass screen at the rear, and the coach-work will be painted in the Royal colours. The autocar is to be ready by Ascot Week.

*A Marquis as a  
Mummer.*

The Marquis of Anglesey can congratulate himself upon being the proud possessor of the prettiest and most complete and compact bijou theatre in existence, and it is a well-known fact that his Lordship devotes most of his spare time to private theatricals. This Christmas, however—being the first that he has spent at Anglesey Castle—he determined that his tenantry and the people of the surrounding neighbourhood should have seasonable entertainments, and, to this end, he arranged for the production of a pantomime, in which he himself appeared. His Lordship made special arrangements with Mr. Alex. Keith, a young and rising comedian who in a very few years has established for himself a reputation as a sound and reliable actor, to produce the pantomime, which was entitled "Aladdin." Mr. Keith engaged an excellent Company, special arrangements having been made with that clever and charming pantomime artist, Miss Julia Kent, who has gained laurels at all the chief provincial pantomimes, and whose successes at Drury Lane, the Lyceum, in "The Snow-Man," and also at the Prince of Wales's Theatre are well known. The Marquis himself appeared as Pekoe, several gorgeous and handsome costumes having been designed for him.



*Photo by Karpoly, Nottingham.*

MISS JULIA KENT AS "PRINCIPAL BOY."



*[From a Photo.]*

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY IN "COON" DRESS.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY'S PANTOMIME AT ANGLESEY CASTLE.



### The New Postage-Stamps.

Much interest will doubtless be attached by my readers, especially those who are philatelists, to the new postage-stamps bearing His Majesty's effigy which are issued for sale to-day for the first time. The four which now come into service will be seen to differ essentially from those they supersede. Instead of a separate and distinctive design for each

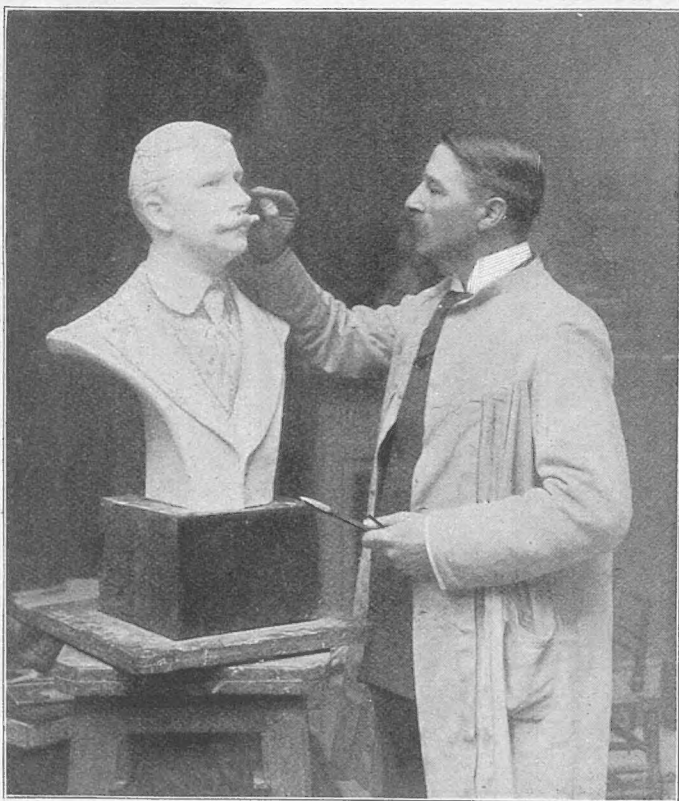


SOME SPECIMENS OF THE NEW POSTAGE-STAMPS ON SALE TO-DAY.

stamp, there is now but the one throughout for the different values. It consists of a very good profile portrait of the King, set in an upright oval frame, surmounted by a crown, with an inclined branch of laurel on the left and a similar one of oak on the right. The scheme of colour, however, has been altered, and is now made the distinguishing feature of each. Thus, the sixpenny stamp, formerly red, has been changed to mauve; the penny has reverted from mauve to a bright red; whilst the twopenny-halfpenny and the halfpenny retain their same colours of blue and green respectively. The red for the penny stamp is, perhaps, a more striking colour to the eye than the mauve, but the reason for its adoption has been mainly, if not altogether, dictated by a desire to fall into line with the countries forming the Postal Union, as the stamps will now practically represent in respect of value and colour their Continental equivalents. This will obviously be a convenience in dealing with foreign letters. With regard to the other stamps now in use, the only alteration proposed to be made will be the substitution of the King's head in the centre for that of the late Queen. With this exception, they will remain exactly the same in point of design and colour as now. As showing the enormous number of stamps now used, it may be of interest to state that the issue of the penny stamp approximates two thousand two hundred millions a-year, that of the halfpenny about fourteen hundred millions, and the sixpenny and twopenny-halfpenny about sixty millions each. The printers are Messrs. De La Rue, as formerly, while Mr. Emile Fuchs is responsible for the designs.

### A Winter Parliament.

Lord Rosebery has joined the country-lovers by ridiculing Parliament for sitting in June and July. Eloquent appeals have been addressed to the Commons to change their habits. Sir George Trevelyan on one occasion



MR. G. WADE, THE SCULPTOR WHO HAS JUST HAD A SITTING FROM THE KING FOR THE STATUE FOR MADRAS.

Photo by Haines, Milman Road, Kensington.

reproached them for spending "the best months of the best years in their lives in a hot Parliamentary lobby." Lord Rosebery, in almost theatrical language, belittles Parliament for missing "almost the most precious gifts of the Almighty to man." Members, however, follow the fashion. Society men remain in town for the parties of June and July, lawyers remain for the Courts, business-men could not in all cases conveniently leave town till August. Sir George Trevelyan wished to spend July "in fishing and sailing—in driving over Alpine passes and walking on Alpine pastures." He was able to do this only by resigning his seat. New classes must obtain control before Parliament sits in early winter and rises in early summer.

### The New Randolph.

The leaders of the present "Outs" resemble the trio of Conservative leaders who were out of office in the early 'eighties. Then we had Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Randolph Churchill. Now we have Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry "C.-B.," and Lord Randolph's imitator, Mr. Lloyd-George. The last-named is playing a bold forward game, flying at Mr. Chamberlain not only in Parliament but also in the Unionist city of Birmingham. A meeting to be addressed there by Lord Randolph Churchill was broken up, and the leader of the Fourth Party consequently attacked Mr. Chamberlain, whose defence of himself was wildly applauded by the Radicals. Now the latter are preparing to applaud Mr. Lloyd-George when he in turn holds the Colonial Secretary accountable for the breaking-up of his meeting in the Town Hall. The ambitious, eloquent, industrious Welshman is not yet forty, and a place has already been allotted to him in a "C.-B." Cabinet constructed by a correspondent of the *Spectator*.

Major Kemp, the Unionist Member for the Heywood Division, who has already been eighteen months with the Imperial Yeomanry at "the Front" and who has been requested by Lord Roberts to go out in command of another regiment, is a rich young flannel-manufacturer. The new Parliament has not become acquainted with him, but in the last he made a vivid impression by his bright, buoyant manner and by his independence.

Major Kemp is married to a daughter of the Earl of Ellesmere. No doubt, when he settles down again at St. Stephen's, he will have a good career as a Parliamentarian.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MADAME ALBANI.  
Taken by Durrant and Son, Torquay.

One of the most attractive as well as one of the most interesting art-books of the season is that called "The Brothers Dalziel: a Record of Fifty Years' Work in Conjunction with Many of the Most Distinguished Artists of the Period—1840-1890." This beautifully produced volume, published by Methuen and Co., Essex Street, Strand, contains a well-written description of the development of the art of modern illustration during the second half of the nineteenth century—a development in which the famous Brothers had such a large share not only as engravers but also as draughtsmen and illustrators. The book, price one guinea, is embellished with beautiful reproductions of the works of such artists as Holman Hunt, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, F. Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Sir John Gilbert, Birket Foster, Sir John Tenniel, George Cruikshank, Richard Doyle, Frederick Walker, Fred Barnard, Sir James Linton, and three Presidents of the Royal Academy, namely, Lord Leighton, Sir John Everett Millais, and Sir Edward J. Poynter.

"Yes, sir. He swore on that day till the leaves shook on the trees. Never have I enjoyed such swearing before or since. Sir, on that memorable day he swore like an angel from heaven." This story of Washington's profanity at the Battle of Monmouth is not new, but in his biography Mr. Norman Hapgood does not ignore "the wart." A very different picture this from that of the semi-mythical figure, the idealised hero, the benevolent statesman, "his countenance, on which was set an eternal smile, aglow with conscious virtue."



### A Ducal Sportswoman.

The Duchess of Newcastle is not only a keen sportswoman, but she is always doing her best to improve the lot of the horses and dogs she loves so well. On Jan. 8 will take place some of the most interesting sets of spaniel trials ever held in this country, Clumber, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle's splendid country home, being the scene of the competition.



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND "LADY WHITE."

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

Her Grace is herself giving a special prize for the best Clumber Spaniel in the Novice or Maiden Stakes.

The Duchess has always been a clever and fearless horsewoman. She rode before she could walk, and has inherited her love of horses from both her parents, Major (Sugar) Candy and his still youthful-looking, popular wife. Her Grace is also Master of the Clumber Harriers.

### A Charming Sportswoman.

Lady Lurgan is the elder of Lord and Lady Cadogan's two daughters, and even before her marriage—that is, as Lady Emily Julia Cadogan—she was well known as a keen sportswoman and clever rider to hounds. Though highly accomplished and a thorough woman-of-the-world, Lady Lurgan is really happier when leading a simple country life than she is when acting as one of the bright and particular stars at her father and mother's Viceregal Court. Her marriage to the young Irish Peer who is the head of the House of Brownlow took place eight years ago and was a splendid social function, among those present being several members of the Royal Family, for Lord and Lady Cadogan and their children have always been much liked at Court. Since their marriage they have lived a great deal at their charming Irish country home, Brownlow House, in County Armagh, and in this matter they set an excellent example to absentee landlords. Lady Lurgan is also very popular in Dublin, where she has been of the greatest assistance to Lady Cadogan in supporting and helping all kinds of Irish industries and charities.

### The Prince of Wales's New Regiment.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers well deserve the honour just conferred upon them by the King in appointing the Prince of Wales as Colonel-in-Chief. In addition to the various Militia and Volunteer regiments with which he is connected, His Royal Highness is also Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Fusiliers—whose uniform he wore on ceremonial occasions during the Royal tour—and of the Royal Marines. But his latest appointment is perhaps the most fitting of all, in view of his new title and the adding of the Red Dragon—a badge of the "Royal Welsh"—to his Arms. The old 23rd has a long and glorious roll

of battle-honours, extending from Blenheim down to the present South African Campaign. While the 1st Battalion lost its late Commander, Colonel Thorold, in the advance on Ladysmith, it has since done splendid work under its new leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. A. W. Colleton, with Lord Methuen and General Barton. The 2nd Battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. R. H. Bertie, has at the same time been doing good service in China, as the only purely British regiment in the International Army.

### The German Emperor as Sportsman.

Several interesting details are given by a certain Herr W. Frerk (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) respecting the Kaiser's prowess as a marksman and the general arrangement of the shooting-parties. The writer narrates that he has often seen the Emperor bring down as many as thirty-two and even thirty-six out of forty wild boar from his post, while others who were noted as excellent marksmen failed lamentably in achieving anything like the same success. The luncheon provided at all the different shooting-parties is of the most simple character, consisting of merely a plain soup, a mutton or veal cutlet or so, some form of roast game, a light species of pudding, and punch. After meals the Emperor smokes cigarettes, which he follows up with a further smoke out of either his meerschaum pipe or his green wooden pipe which he keeps for hunting occasions.

### The late Sir Noel Paton.

The death of Sir Noel Paton, the King's Limner for Scotland, removes one of the grand old men of Edinburgh from its midst. He passed away, full of years and honours, last Thursday. Personally, he was one of the most lovable of men, though his disposition was somewhat shy and retiring. He was not a great painter, but he was a great Scotsman, loving his country with a passionate devotion. Now and again you might have seen him in the streets of "Auld Reekie" dressed in the national costume, his white locks covered by a Scottish blue bonnet and a Highland plaid thrown over his shoulder. Born in Dunfermline in 1821, he became a student of the Royal Academy of London in 1843. The first paintings of his which attracted attention were two Shaksperian subjects, "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania" and "The Reconciliation." For these he won an Academy prize of three hundred pounds. Perhaps his most popular painting—it has been engraved over and over again—is "The Pursuit of Pleasure." In 1861 he painted what some consider his best work, "Dawn: Luther at Erfurt." He was knighted in 1867.



LADY LURGAN, THE ELDER OF LORD AND LADY CADOGAN'S TWO DAUGHTERS AND A BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR OF THE VICEREGAL COURT.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.



*The Royal Marine Painter.*

Commendatore de Martino is a man of rather special artistic gifts. As his name implies, he is Italian by birth, though England has become to him a dear adopted country. As a youth, he entered the Italian Navy, and it was then that he began to make a special study of the sea, even his slightest sketches exciting the greatest praise among Continental critics and art-lovers. Queen Victoria, always intensely interested in all that concerned the Navy, even the Navies of other countries, happened to come across the Commendatore's paintings. Her late Majesty gave him several commissions, and, after he had proved himself thoroughly adequate, he was appointed Marine Painter-in-Ordinary not only to the Sovereign, but to the Royal Yacht Squadron. His latest appointment,



COMMENDATORE E. DE MARTINO, MARINE PAINTER TO THE KING.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

that to be Marine Painter to the King, has followed very soon after his return from the Royal Colonial tour, during which he was included in the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. As was to be expected, the Court Marine Painter is himself a keen yachtsman and all his holidays are spent on the sea.

*Mr. James Nicol Dunn.*

An accomplished journalist, as courteous as he is versatile and able, Mr. James Nicol Dunn, the Editor of the *Morning Post*, should grace the position of Chairman of the London District of the Institute of Journalists, to which he has just been elected. Mr. Dunn, a native of Kincardineshire, was educated at Aberdeen, whence so many valuable Scottish Pressmen have come to London. Studying first for the law, he soon threw himself heart and soul into journalism, did yeoman service on the *Dundee Advertiser*, and was associated with the *National Observer*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Black-and-White* before Lord Glenesk appointed him Editor of the *Morning Post*, which has been so vastly improved of late years. A tactful as well as an effective speaker, Mr. Dunn can be relied upon to conduct with judicial impartiality the lively discussions which may be expected among the elect of the London journalists regarding the Institute building and other housing questions.

*Mr. John C. Duckworth.*

One of the best-known and most popular journalists in London is Mr. J. C. Duckworth, the new Vice-Chairman of the London District of the Institute of Journalists.

Though still youthful in appearance and manner, his active Press career extends over a period of more than twenty-five years since he started as a journalist in Northampton. Soon, however, he migrated to Liverpool as a junior on the reporting staff of the *Daily Post*, under the editorship of Mr. (now Sir) Edward R. Russell, and it was not long before he won the good opinion of his Chief, who entrusted him with special descriptive work and dramatic criticism. Among Mr. Duckworth's friends in Liverpool at that period were Mr. Pinero—then a member of the Stock Company at the Alexandra Theatre—and many others of the dramatic profession and the Press who have since won fame.

Nineteen years ago Mr. Duckworth left Liverpool to join the London staff of the *Liverpool Daily Courier*, and since then both journalistically and socially he has

made his mark. His geniality has endeared him to a large circle of friends, and all the Metropolitan Press institutions have found in him a warm supporter. He is also an ardent Mason and in 1888 filled the Chair at the Gallery Lodge.

*A Popular London Hostess.*

There are few hostesses more justly popular in London Society than Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, the exquisitely pretty Italian wife of Lord Rothschild's clever brother. The marriage of Mr. Leopold Rothschild to Mdlle. Marie Perugia attracted a most extraordinary amount of attention at the time of its occurrence, partly owing to the fact that the then Prince of Wales was present at the ceremony, this being the first time the Heir-Apparent had ever assisted at a Jewish wedding. The Rothschild clan gathered in immense numbers, the various Continental branches of the great financial house being fully represented, and it may be said that from the day of her marriage Mrs. Leopold Rothschild won a very real place in the regard, and even in the affection, of the great London world. Mrs. Rothschild has again and again proved herself an ideal hostess, whether devising pleasant and fresh ways of killing time for members of her house-parties at Ascott—one of the many Rothschild homes in Bucks—giving a great ball in her splendid London house in Hamilton Place, or when entertaining philanthropic gatherings at Gunnersbury Park, a stately pleasure-house filled with works of art.



MRS. LEOPOLD ROTHSCHILD, A POPULAR LONDON HOSTESS.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street



MR. J. NICOL DUNN

(EDITOR OF THE "MORNING POST"), CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON DISTRICT OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

Photo by Drummond Young and Son, Edinburgh.



MR. JOHN C. DUCKWORTH,

VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON DISTRICT OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

Photo by Bruton, Douglas, Isle of Man.



*The Edinburgh  
Louis Stevenson  
Memorial.*

The letter which has been issued by the Executive Committee of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial, under the authority of Lord Rosebery, President of the Committee, reveals a curious series of delays with the execution of the monument which it was decided in December 1896 should be placed in Edinburgh. In May 1898 it was finally agreed by the Executive Committee that the memorial should be erected within the walls of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, and that Mr. Augustine Saint Gaudens, "the only sculptor of note who had studied Stevenson from the life," should be entrusted with the work. In January 1899, Mr. Saint Gaudens visited Edinburgh, and in the following May his design was submitted to the Executive and approved. In December of the same year the sculptor submitted a revised design, which was considered and approved by the Executive in March 1900, by which time, however, Mr. Saint Gaudens had decided to revert to his original design. After a couple of months' correspondence, details, it appears, were satisfactorily arranged, and in July 1900 the sculptor was about to have the model cast in bronze, when he became dangerously ill and the work had to be temporarily abandoned. After some of the framework of the monument had reached Edinburgh in May of last year, Mr. Saint Gaudens expressed a wish to have the bronze cast sent to him in America, as he was anxious about the surface-colouring. The colouring, according to a letter of Nov. 24, was unsatisfactory. He intimates that he is remodelling the design and intends to have a fresh cast made—alterations which, he adds, should delay the completion of the memorial only till the early spring.

*The "Ency. Brit."  
Supplement.*

The year which opens to-day will see the completion of the supplementary volumes to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in the preparation of which Mr. Hugh Chisholm, lately Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, and his colleagues have for some time past been engaged. The editorial supervision of the Supplement was originally entrusted to Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who had no alternative but to relinquish the post on his appointment as a member of the suite of the Prince of Wales during the recent Colonial tour. The writing of the articles, which are intended to bring the "Encyclopædia" as a work of reference thoroughly up to date, has been entrusted to specialists in various branches of knowledge, and, in his work as Editor, Mr. Chisholm has the invaluable assistance of Mr. James A. Manson, who was connected with the firm of Cassell and Co. for thirty years. Two of the largest printing-houses in



MISS BEATRICE FERRAR, APPEARING IN "THE TWIN SISTER,"  
PRODUCED TO-NIGHT AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Edinburgh are engaged in the mechanical production of the work, and Mr. Chisholm and his literary colleagues, who occupy a large room in the *Times* office, have a busy time in front of them. The Supplement will, it is expected, extend to three volumes at the least.

*A Ballantyne Press  
Used in Printing  
the Waverley  
Novels.*

Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson, and Co., of the well-known Edinburgh and London printing business, possess an interesting relic of the founders of the firm, James Ballantyne and Co., whose works were in the Canongate district. Some years ago, the present firm removed to large and commodious premises in the Newington district of Edinburgh. Adjoining the counting-room there



ANCIENT PRESS USED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO. IN  
PRINTING SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WORKS.

is a library of voucher volumes printed by the firm, with a copy of the original edition of Scott's "Rokeby," the large-type quarto edition, on the table, beside a reprint of Luther's German Bible. On the wall there is a picture of Caxton examining one of his proof-sheets, and below stands one of the original Ballantyne presses used in printing Sir Walter Scott's works. On a brass plate attached to the wooden frame of the printing-press there is this inscription: "1796 Ballantyne Press used by Ballantynes in printing the Waverley Novels." R. L. Stevenson once declared that he did his literary work by means of "elbow-grease." One can fancy that a large supply of this commodity was needed to print four or, at most, eight pages on this primitive printing-press for a popular author like Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott became acquainted with James and John Ballantyne when at Kelso Grammar School for a short time in 1783. His greeting to James Ballantyne would sometimes be, "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story." The father of the Ballantynes, founders of the famous printing firm in Edinburgh, was a general merchant in Kelso, where James was born in 1772, and John in 1774. James was trained as a solicitor, but also turned his attention to the production of a local Conservative newspaper, which still survives under the title of the *Kelso Mail*. He printed a few ballads in which Scott was interested in such excellent style, in 1799, that when the future poet wanted his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" sent to press, it was done by Ballantyne at Kelso, and the production gave great satisfaction. This led to further connections with Scott, who prevailed on Ballantyne to settle in Edinburgh in 1802, "finding accommodation for two presses and a proof one in the precincts of Holyrood House." Scott repeatedly advanced money to Ballantyne and used his influence in securing work for the young firm, which prospered and took root in Edinburgh. A bookselling and publishing branch under John Ballantyne was less successful and proved a continuous drain on Scott's resources, for he identified himself very deeply with this venture also. James Ballantyne read Scott's proofs of the poems and Waverley Novels with great care, discovered blunders and made suggestions for improvements which were frequently adopted. The crisis of 1826 brought ruin upon the Ballantynes, Constable, and Sir Walter Scott, whose life grew heroic towards the close in his struggle to redeem himself from a mountain of liability only part of which was his own.

*The Chief Engineer  
of the "L.C.C."*

Mr. Maurice Fitzmaurice, who was recently appointed to the post of Engineer to the London County Council, is a man who has already made a name for himself in the sphere he chose for his life's vocation. His masterly work when in charge of the operations at the Blackwall Tunnel secured for him approbation on all hands, and no one better estimated Mr. Fitzmaurice's achievements or more justly appreciated them than Sir Benjamin Baker, at whose suggestion he received a prominent appointment three years ago in connection with the construction works of the Upper Nile reservoir. Mr. Fitzmaurice has left Egypt with many personal regrets, as his courtesy and sympathy with his subordinates won for him hosts of friends. A comparatively young man, of a handsome and interesting personality, he gives his interlocutor the impression of possessing illimitable strength of character and will-power; he is, indeed, one of the high officials of the London County Council concerning whom great expectations are certain to be realised.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Fabulous Gambling.*

The news that in a single sitting, at the Viennese Jockey Club, Count Potocki had lost two million five hundred thousand francs to the Prince Palavichini at baccarat caused a profound sensation in Paris (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). Count Potocki is the proprietor of the most magnificent hôtel in the Avenue Friedland, and probably the most palatial private residence in all Paris. The Government would have been glad to have secured it as the Palais des Souverains during the Exhibition, but all offers were contemptuously refused. I hear that the bank was opened with a million francs and that Potocki took the crushing blow with perfect coolness.

Madame Zola, who bears what may be justly styled one of the most famous names in contemporary cosmopolitan literature, has a retiring personality. She became the wife of the great French novelist when he was still a poor, struggling writer on the Parisian halfpenny Press, and she did all in her power to promote his success and to further his ambitions. Madame Zola, though not so very much younger than her husband, now looks almost as if she might be his daughter, for, while deeply sympathising in the noble efforts made by him on behalf of Captain Dreyfus, she played no active part in the fearful struggle. By M. Zola's special wish, she remained in France during his exile in this country, an exile softened by the devoted friendship of several well-known English people; but she has been to London, and has pleasant recollections of the ovation received by her and by M. Zola from the Institute of Journalists. M. and Madame Zola are a childless couple, but they are both fond of young people, and their beautiful Paris home and delightful, picturesque villa at Médan are often filled with the bright laughter of the little boys and girls whom Zola and his kind-hearted wife delight to entertain. The portrait of Madame Zola which I publish this week was taken at Rome in the studio of a well-known artist.

I do not think that the little Parisian boy and girl will acclaim the name of Lépine, the Prefect of Police, as blessed when they see their toys. In a weak moment, when he noticed that he had not captured a single criminal of any importance, he expanded himself on the desire to revive the Paris toy industry, and, after an exhibition, allotted all the famous barques on the boulevards to the French. He particularly laid stress on the fact that nothing objectionable would be allowed. The idea of parents taking home to their children anything of that description is too stupid to be dealt with. I have just wandered along the boulevards from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and never have I seen such a deplorable exhibition. That grey-headed novelty, the climbing monkey, is profuse; the squeaking dolly groans; and every old freak that has done duty for years is on show. The Swiss and the Germans who have been ousted from the barques take a smiling revenge in renting vacant shops, which are crowded. I noticed also some really very clever mechanical toys from England which were selling freely to the wealthier.

*At the Play.*

I passed an evening and a substantial part of the following morning looking at Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." The prices were higher than I have ever seen charged in a Paris theatre. Those interested in the three-night venture apparently meant to make all the money they could, and the first item was to cut off the gas and electricity. Everything was dark—very—as Mr. Jingle would say. You heard a groaning and grumbling that suggested the pleasantry of stage-carpenters when they are changing scenery and encouraging one another by Christian precepts. As to the performers, they were occasionally visible dimly, and that was all. I must, however, say that the incidental music of Grieg was exquisite. I hear that Le Bargy will leave the Comédie-Française and, with his wife, take over the none too successful Gymnase. "L'Inconnue," at the Palais-Royal, is amusing. The idea of an elderly philanthropist who escorts to his home a lady

in a fainting condition, who forthwith forgets her own name, address, and so on, and the indignation of his wife, who sees in all this only a ruse and seeks a divorce, is very funny. A knotty point interesting to authors in all countries is being considered by La Société des Auteurs Dramatiques. Hervieu wrote a tremendous success in "L'Enigme," produced at the Comédie-Française. Guiché wrote a dead failure in "Le Nuage." But as each piece is in only two Acts, they fill the bill, and each author touches a half of the royalties. As everyone wants to see "L'Enigme" and no one "Le Nuage," there is very bitter feeling between the authors as to the division of profits.

I rubbed my eyes with astonishment when I read in the French papers that Lord Rosebery at Swansea had declared that Paris was "a Municipal Paradise." Here are some passing details for his Lordship. This year their budget is 9,000,000 francs behind; all subventions for the National Fête and other demonstrations have had to be suppressed; the members get a pound a-day that they are not entitled to by law; they have allowed the tramway companies to turn Paris into a railway siding; the hospitals are in a state that recalls the eighteenth

century; they have allowed gas, omnibuses, and funerals to become monopolies. The streets are in a deplorable state, and the lighting, after midnight, of the rush-light order. No, my Lord; Berlin, if you like, but certainly not Paris.

*Jockeys and Fatality.*

I saw poor Boon swing himself into the saddle at Auteuil. "It is the last mount," he said. His idea was to return to training; but in the last meeting of the year, in the last race on the programme, and at the last hurdle, poor Boon fulfilled his casually uttered words. He was a splendid jockey.

*Paris at Dinner.*

The closing of the "Rous" restaurant is very significant. Profiting by the vogue that their restaurant secured in the Exhibition grounds, the famous German house decided to establish themselves permanently in Lutetia. Their prices were high, and, in spite of vast advertising, they failed hopelessly.



MADAME ÉMILE ZOLA, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS NOVELIST.



## "FROCKS AND FRILLS."

*Mr. Grundy's New Play for the Haymarket—A Secret Discovered—The New Wearer of Miss Winifred Emery's Mantle, to say Nothing of her "Frocks and Frills."*

IS there really a *bacillus dramaticensis*? If not, how do our dramatists catch their ideas from one another? It cannot help striking even a casual observer that there is a tendency for our theatrical entertainments to take the form of epidemics, so that, without forcing the situation, one may say, as the King in "Hamlet" does of sorrows, "They come not single spies, but in battalions." For reasons of his own, Mr. Sydney Grundy desired to keep secret the French source from which he derived his new play. A clever journalist, with an acute knowledge of French plays, let the cat out of the bag by discovering the origin in "Les Doigts de Fée," by Scribe and Legouvé. Even before that fact was announced, however, Mr. Edward Rose was known to have done a version of the same play, while Lady Violet Greville and Mr. Mark Ambient have completed a third dress-making piece, although that is nothing to do with the case so far as adaptation goes.

Everybody knows the story of the French play and the history of the girl who, by force of circumstances, is obliged to earn her own living, and elects to do so as a dress-maker, thus unconsciously becoming the goddess in the machine, and evolving not only her own destiny but that of several of the personages whose lives are, for the time being, interwoven with hers. Even if the plot were not known—and the word is used without prejudice and in deference to the tradition which declares that every play must have a plot—it would be futile to tell the series of incidents which illustrate how a very charming, sweet, womanly nature, combined with strong common-sense and a great feeling for character, overcomes all difficulties, so that the girl thus endowed makes her way in the world and becomes very rich. Love plays a not unimportant part, for Sir Richard Kettle, the Duke of Ilminster, and Viscount Doughton—the characters assigned to Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and Mr. Herbert Sleath respectively—all have interests of the heart, which are settled, so far as Olive, the grand-niece of the Dowager Lady Athelstone, is concerned, by prospective wedding-bells rung in honour of Miss Grace Lane and Mr. Herbert Sleath.

A cynic once remarked that the drama of to-day was all frills and furbelows. The nature of this play makes it right and proper that frocks and frills will be very much in evidence, although the Haymarket stage will not be dressed up in millinery. Still, the great scene will show some dresses such as have been rarely exhibited on the stage.

The other important parts are assigned to Miss Ellis Jeffreys, one of the brightest comédiennes and one of the best-dressed women on the stage; Miss Lottie Venne, whose delightful sense of humour touches no part which it does not illuminate; Mrs. Charles Calvert, with her

inimitable sense of fun; and Miss Grace Lane, who for the time being takes the place of Miss Winifred Emery, whose speedy restoration to health all playgoers will unite in wishing, not only for her own sake, but theirs, for she is, by universal consent, the greatest of all actresses of the generation, after Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal.

It was a great mark of confidence in her ability which induced the entrusting of Olive to Miss Grace Lane. It has been assumed that it was her success as Joy in Mr. Egerton Castle's "Secret Orchard," with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, which brought this about. As a matter of fact, however, it was not, for this engagement will not be the first association of Miss Lane and the Haymarket Management. When "The Little Minister" dominated the theatrical world, she was specially selected to play Lady Babbie out of a score and more aspirants, and she acted it for a year with great success.

Some irresponsible paragraphists have assumed that Miss Lane is

quite a novice, but, as a matter of fact, she prides herself on the fact that she has been acting steadily for the past eight years, and has had a variety of experience, for she has played in everything, from pantomime to drama. She was in three of Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomimes, two at the Lyceum, where she understudied Miss Ellaline Terriss, whose parts she took up, and the third at Manchester, while in fifteen consecutive weeks she once played fifteen new parts in all sorts of pieces. Her début was made in a very small part in "Our Flat," with Mr. Willie Edouin, at the Strand. One night, however, she proved herself equal to a great emergency. The leading actress was ill and so was the understudy. There was a talk of shutting the theatre, when Miss Lane offered to go on for the part. It was a case of "anything is better than nothing" on the part of an uncomplimentary Management, and so Miss Lane's offer was accepted. The first two Acts went excellently, but the third she knew very little about, and it was decided that she should have the book on the stage. She put it on a desk, and the first words of the actor who was playing the part of her husband were something to the effect that, "It's a great mistake to have papers about when your husband is at home." On this he bundled all the papers from the desk into the

wastepaper-basket, and with them the part which Miss Lane was using. He saw from her face what had happened, but it was impossible to rescue the book. Being resourceful, he spoke her words quickly under his breath, and she repeated them in much the same way as the actors do in certain of the French theatres. So well was this carried on that the audience did not discover the trick.

In "The Passport," at Terry's, Miss Lane played one of the young girls, and, after having been two years in London, went into the provinces to get more experience, returning to Wyndham's for the revival of "Dandy Dick," in which she was especially selected by Mr. Pinero to play Sheba, the part originally written for Miss Norris. Recently, she was asked to go to Australia, to play Madame Bernhardt's parts in "L'Aiglon" and "Zaza," while she was the first selection for Francesca in Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," at the St. James's, but her contract with the Kendals prevented her accepting the part.



MISS GRACE LANE, ENGAGED TO PLAY THE LEAD IN "FROCKS AND FRILLS," PRODUCED AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE TO-MORROW.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.





## NEW YEAR'S DAY—AND A FEW EARNEST WORDS.

**M**Y DEAR DOLLIE,—To-day is the first day of a New Year (I do not mention this as a matter of news, but merely for the reason that one must begin somehow). We have turned another corner of Life's lane, and we see, stretched out before us, an uncertain vista of tiresome hours, tedious weeks, and uncertain years. Whether we like it or not, Fate compels us to tread this avenue to the bitter end: to skirt around the brambles of Idleness Wood; to avoid the Swamp of Sloth; to storm the Kopjes of Difficulty and the Mountains of Despair. This being so, I will ask you to bear with me whilst I indicate, very briefly, some of the snares and pitfalls that will probably beset your path as you plod your impatient way along this stretch of the course. (The metaphors seem to be a little mixed, but no matter.)

Firstly, then, it is not at all unlikely that your path will lead you into a sludgy little bit of country known as Slothful Swamp. This swamp is most dangerous about the hour of eight-thirty or thereabouts, when it is necessary to strike your camp and continue the march. It is an alluring spot, tricked out with soft pillows and warm blankets and superfine sheets. It is rendered the more enticing, also, by the evil spirits whose duty it is to move to and fro half-an-hour before breakfast-time and make preparations for your uprising. To the casual observer, they would seem to be particularly desirous that you should be up and dressed in plenty of time for prayers; as a matter of fact, of course, they are merely sent there to convince you of the pleasantness of being in bed when somebody else is shivering in the raw morning-air. Beware, then, dear Dollie, that you succumb not to the alluring qualities of Slothful Swamp.

Just beyond the confines of this baleful region you will find yourself face-to-face with another barrier. This is no less an impediment than Idleness Wood. And, lest you should not recognise it in time to avoid its seductive leafiness, let me describe it to you. At first sight, it appears to be a delightful retreat from the heat of the summer sun or the

chill of the winter's blast. Soft winds stir gently the tops of the trees; cool beds of green moss carpet the ground; the melodies of birds fill the air, and the ferns are alive with playful rabbits. On nearer inspection, however, you will notice dark shadows hurriedly crossing and recrossing those



sylvan glades; these are the regular inhabitants of the forest, who have yielded, some sooner, some later, to its persistent call, and are now doomed to dwell for ever within an invisible fence of barbed wire. And at night they venture forth into the open ways, prey upon each other for food, and drink feverishly of the muddy pools that are to be found in every

direction. Such is Idleness Wood. Many there be that enter it, but few that find their way out.

However, with youth and determination on your side, I have no doubt that you will manage to avoid both the Swamp of Sloth and Idleness Wood. Think not, however, that the dangers and trials of the journey are over. On the contrary, you will be required, ere you reach the goal of New Year's Day 1903, to negotiate a very trying series of—pardon a topical expression—kopjes. This particular range is known as Difficulty Hills, and the hills sometimes lead the faint-hearted or unwary traveller to the Mountains of Despair. Let us, then, deal first with the Hills, and so we shall best see by what means we may avoid the Mountains.

Difficulty Hills are noted not so much for their height or grandeur, as for their extraordinary number. Several enterprising people have tried to throw a light railway across them, but, up to the present, their efforts have met with the most lamentable failure. As a matter of fact, this portion of the journey can be accomplished only with the aid of an experienced guide, and it is quite impossible to take more than one step at a time.

The first of the series is commonly known as "Keep-your-temper Nob." You will not experience much difficulty in negotiating this hill when

travelling alone; the danger arises only from the presence of one's fellows. It is almost impossible to scale it, I may add, in company with one's relations. Male voyagers generally seek a little artificial aid in the shape of a pipe or a cigarette; ladies have been known to approach it with a little knitting or crochet-work in their hands. For yourself, dear Dollie, I might suggest as a pleasant stimulant a box of chocolates.

Another troublesome little bit, especially for young people, is "Don't-be-vain Peak." The curious thing about this hill is that the more expert the climber the more likely he is to be baffled by it. Happy-go-lucky travellers will laugh at the idea of calling this stage of the journey a difficulty, whilst the veterans, clad in their seven-leagued-boots of disillusionment, step right over it every time. Young girls, especially if they happen to be pretty, are apt to find the pathways almost perpendicular in places, but they generally manage to catch one of

the Ropes of Excuse that their devoted swains are ever ready to throw to them.

"Be-punctual Ridge" is included only in the very best Maps of Life, and these, as you know, are getting out of date and have long been out of print. The number of those who travel along it gets fewer and fewer each year; some day, perhaps, it will be neglected altogether, and the grass of Procrastination will spring up and flourish where formerly the feet of our pilgrim ancestors were wont to plod. Personally, I always include this Ridge in my itinerary. One gets to the other end of it rather jaded and rather cross, but I am inclined to think that it saves time in the end.

I fear I have not space to speak of half the Kopjes in the series. You will find some useful hints about the negotiating of them in any good Kopje-Book. I must, however, refer very briefly to "Love-your-enemies Crest." This is not a popular part of the journey, dear Dollie, and many people prefer to take the ferry-boat across Good-Haters Lake. You and I, however, have been well schooled in more sportsmanlike methods, and go at this rugged old Crest with a will. We never, of course, get quite to the top, but we manage to take a respectable path round the sides. It is also a tip worth knowing that this hill is most easily overcome at Christmas-time. Even as I write this letter, I have just managed to skirt round it about one-third of the way up.

I don't think that we need trouble ourselves very much just now about the Mountains of Despair. The grim old things are very seldom visible to young eyes, and they are certainly not sufficiently picturesque to be worth looking out for. Let us leave them, then, shrouded in the haze of Good Fortune, and congratulate ourselves that they are no nearer to us, at any rate, than they were in 1901.



"Chicote"



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS "BLUE-BELL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



EARNING HER CHRISTMAS DINNER.



A THOUGHT OF THE LITTLE SISTERS AT HOME.



READING THE STORY OF THE "SLEEPY KING."



..... IN THE FAIRYLAND OF DREAMS.



## WINTER WITH THE CANADIANS.

## SOME NOVEL AMUSEMENTS.

CANADA is seen at its best in winter. It is then that all the sports which are typical of the country and the people take place.

Nowhere else in the world can one enjoy so varied and at the same time healthy and exhilarating exercises out-of-doors as in the realms of the "Lady of the Snows," as Kipling very rightly designated our Colony beyond the Sea in his famous poem.

Tobogganing is by far the favourite sport. The moment the Ice King commences his reign, chutes are erected in the principal parks and



ICE-PALACE, BUILT OF THOUSANDS OF BLOCKS OF ICE.

open spaces, and all day long the "swish" of the toboggan may be heard as it flies down the steep gradient at almost lightning speed. The artificial chutes are wooden erections, with a sheer drop of about one hundred feet. Water is poured over the wooden declivity, which, in the frosty air, is soon transformed into ice, with a surface as slippery as glass. At the bottom of the chute there is an open space for some little distance, in order to give the tobogganist opportunity to pull up his "steed." Not only grown-up persons of both sexes enter into the sport with the greatest of delight, but the children simply revel in it. An ordinary toboggan holds about five or six persons, and, with such a combined weight, the sledge simply flies down the chute.

Although Canada is very cold in winter, the air is dry, crisp, and invigorating. The Canadians dress in fur and picturesque woollen garments, and the scene on a Saturday afternoon at a large chute is a very animated one. For swift travelling over the snow, snow-shoes are resorted to. In design these latter very much resemble a tennis-bat. They are about five feet in length and twelve inches in width and made of wood. The boot is strapped to the centre. Equipped with these curious shoes, the Canadians travel long distances without much fatigue.

Every Canadian town boasts of its Snow-shoeing Club, the foremost in Canada being the St. George's, with its headquarters at Montreal and associated Clubs scattered throughout the country. By the novice who dons the shoes for the first time they are regarded as very unwieldy contrivances, but with a little practice eight to twelve miles an hour can be covered with ease. Occasionally the St. George's Snow-shoeing Club give a fancy-dress ball on the ice, to which all members of the affiliated Clubs are invited. To attend these festivals the members often travel on their snow-shoes for a hundred miles or more.



A FANCY-DRESS BALL ON AN ICE-RINK AT MONTREAL.

An interesting winter pastime which our Canadian cousins indulge in to their hearts' content is that of ice-castle building. These creations of ice are not run up in a hurry, as many suppose, but occupy the services of quite an army of men from six to eight weeks before they are finished. The ice is cut from the river with saws into rectangular blocks and carted to the scene of operation on sledges. The palaces are built under the superintendence of an architect, who is responsible for their stability. Block after block of translucent ice is swung into position by cranes, until the building is completed.

During the day, the castles or palaces shine in the winter sunlight like glittering crystal, while at night they are illuminated with strong electric arc-lamps, giving the structures the appearance of some enchanted fairyland. On the last night of the carnival, the palaces are



A CANADIAN ICE-CASTLE.

destroyed in a befitting manner. A mock battle is arranged, in which the building falls into the hands of the attackers. The latter are generally dressed as Indians, to make the scene more picturesque. A display of fireworks and coloured lights terminates the happy proceedings.

But the grandest and most exciting of all sports in this land of snow is ice-yachting. True, it requires a little nerve to summon up courage to accept the proffered seat on an ice-yacht, but, when once you have tasted the delights of flying over the boundless ice faster than an express-train, you will dismiss all other forms of sport as tame compared with it. There is nothing on earth to equal it. An ordinary Canadian ice-yacht weighs about eight hundred or nine hundred pounds and carries about a thousand square-feet of canvas. It has a length of about fifty feet and runs upon three steel runners. Such a boat can be purchased in America for fifty or sixty pounds.

The great charm of the sport is the speed of the boats. They skim over the frozen lakes faster than the swiftest swallow. Sixty, seventy, and eighty miles an hour are common performances on the Hudson River and the great fresh-water lakes of North America every year. Indeed, there is an authenticated instance of a speed of a hundred miles an hour, while ice-yachts have frequently raced express-trains along the river's bank. A certain amount of skill is necessary to successfully manage these queer craft. The steering especially is difficult at first, and the best mariner that ever manned a wheel would be at a loss on a Canadian ice-yacht. Although they carry such a quantity of sail, the frame of the boat is very light, and in a good breeze the craft is literally lifted from the ground. This has instituted the rather dangerous work of "crack"-jumping. Many a yachtsman will easily clear an ice-crack eight to ten feet in width and glory in the feat.



SCENE AT A CANADIAN SNOW-SHOE CLUB MEET.

From Photographs by H. J. Shepherson.



WINTER WITH THE CANADIANS: SOME NOVEL AMUSEMENTS.

*From Photographs by H. J. Shepstone.*



A TYPICAL CANADIAN ICE-YACHT, BY FAR THE FASTEST CRAFT IN THE WORLD.



A PALACE MADE OF ICE.

## DAN LENO: HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY H. CHANCE NEWTON.

IT is not given to every man to be humorous, although doubtless every man you have ever met fondly supposes himself to be so. Nor is it given to every man who is humorous to find his humour appreciated, nor, what to many is even more to the purpose, remunerative. Even that arch-humorist (who was also a Royal Jester), poor Touchstone himself, found it necessary to bewail the fact that "when a man's good wit is not seconded by the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a large reckoning in a little room."

Dan Leno, our latest King's latest Jester, has met not only with extensive appreciation of his peculiar, irresistible humour, but has also received extensive largesse therefor. In proof of which it may be noted that his salary for representing what he might call "Sister Anne-tiquity" in Old Drury's latest pantomime will run into three hundred pounds per week, or fifty pounds per day of two shows. Thus is it nominated in the bond or contract wherein the Great Little Low-Comedian stipulates for a yearly rise in salary.

And yet it was not always so with the droll Dan Leno—who is doubtless so called because his real name is George Galvin. When I first knew Dan, he was a struggling but always patient little fellow, who had from babyhood been a variety dancer or a circus knockabout. He was still a long way off his teens when no less a personage than Charles Dickens (then in Dublin) complimented little lad Leno and predicted that he would rise to humorous eminence.

About this time, Dan and another scion of his house came out as boy clog-dancers, under the style and title of the Brothers Leno, and subsequently, when about in his mid-teens, Daniel started out clog-dancing on his own account, winning many of those strange medals and other forms of regalia with which music-hall clog-dancers, weight-lifters, trapezists, and tank-performers so delight to cover their manly chests withal.

Anon, Dan Leno, who up to now had mostly been a dumb Dan on the stage, perfected himself so much in the science of clog-dancing that he "met" and vanquished all sorts of experts, and in due course found himself winner of the Clog-Dancing Champion Belt.

Have you ever seen—or, worse, tried to wear—a Clog-Dancing Champion Belt? It is indeed a fearsome thing. You will see a specimen in one of the many cabinets of "curios" which adorn the beautiful Blue Drawing-room in my old friend Leno's mansion—a sort of Leno Lodge, not so much in a vast wilderness as in three and a-half acres of well-laid-out grounds, situate and being (as the auctioneers say) at the near-side corner of Atkins Road, in Old Clapham Park.

Often this Champion Belt causes the uninitiated to fancy that it must be a sort of silvery and very-much-embossed cuirass. When our hero won this trophy, he was a thin, little, weedy, solemn-faced young man, with a little, stubbly black moustache, and his straight black hair carefully parted in the middle and pomatumed down, after the fashion of all clog-dancers I have ever seen in London and the provinces, from the mid-'sixties till the early 'eighties. Lately the art and mystery of clog-dancing has begun to wane somewhat, leaving only such experts as Leno, Tom Leamore, the funny if extravagant comic-singer, and George E. Belmont, the astute, aptly alliterative advertiser of the two-houses-a-night variety shows, which he was the first to revive down at that strange twopenny-pit music-hall at the Sebright Arms, just off the Hackney Road.

Dan Leno, who still adopts the clog-dancer's chevelure, anon timidly had a "little flutter," as he would call it, at comic-singing. In my mind's eye, I can see him now, nervously making his first experiment, with his once-prided but then still stubbly moustache shaved off and a pair of weeping-whiskers spirit-gummed on in its place. He wore also a very tall hat, a very cutaway coat, a big hooked walking-stick, and a strange pair of loose "white ducks." Succeeding in song better than he thought, Leno eventually dared warbling in certain suburban minor music-halls, still, however, wisely retaining his dancing (clog and otherwise) as what music-hall reporters delight to style his "battle-horse."

One night, I struck him at the now defunct Deacon's Music Hall, which was on the opposite bank of the New River to that on which

Sadler's Wells stands, and in the very terrace that Mr. Pinero chose for the residence of his actress-heroine in "Trelawny of the Wells." It was at this hall that I found Dan Leno singing a strange ditty, in which he, carrying a couple of huge pails, asserted that he was "off to fetch milk for the twins!"—a couple of babies who, according to him, "talked in shorthand." Leno will tell you, should you ask him, that it was a notice which I, finding him so improved in comic-singing, wrote of that performance in the *Referee* of the period that drew several leading London Managers to see him and to make him pantomime offers. The first to catch Leno was the late George Conquest, who snapped him up for the Surrey. The late Sir Augustus Harris arrived just too late, but he snapped him away from Conquest as soon as he could for Old Drury.

Leno opened at the Surrey as the Pirate, Will Atkins, in "Robinson Crusoe," one of the funniest performances he has ever given in his life. His salary would seem small to him now, but it was princely compared with his previous music-hall wage. It is an open secret that Leno and Mrs. Leno (who had been favourably known as Miss Lydia Reynolds, "serio" and dancer) started with poor Gus at a joint salary of twenty-two pounds ten shillings per week. Mrs. Leno speedily retired from the stage, to devote herself to her delightful little family, headed by the clever Miss Georgina—now an eighteen-year-old pantomime actress on her own account.

And now, behold our Daniel—after many moves—comfortably settled in the aforesaid suburban but truly rural château, where, in the intervals of deep study (and, I can assure you, Leno studies deeply), he can either peruse his favourite authors, such as Dickens and Kipling, play tricks with the Family Tortoise, dig his own potato-patches, attend to his pretty fernery, train his vineries, or feed his horses, pigs, goats, rabbits, fowls, donkeys, pigeons—over one hundred animals in all, without

reckoning several of the best gold-fish and Prussian carp and a couple of very ancient toads and a few venerable frogs in the Family Fish-pond. As a matter of fact, at the new Leno-ries the extensive gardens and orchards provide more than enough fruit and vegetables for family use, the pears being especially plentiful, as well as fine and large. In fact, there is enough garden "produce" left to send to this or that poor family.

Dan the diligent has other pastimes besides those of a horticultural and zoological type. Being an artist in another sense than the Thespian, he will ever and anon paint a picture or two, either in oils or water-colours. His walls have always been more or



MR. DAN LENO IN HIS POULTRY-RUN.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

less decked with landscapes, waterscapes, or other escapes from his brush. In his early, struggling days, when other work was scarce, Leno was fain to earn his livelihood by painting scenery and by designing all sorts of things, from dados down to those strange strolling-player pictorial advertisements called "dodgers" and "throwaways." Sometimes, while he was waiting for the promised engagements that never came, I have known him take a day or two's work in designing quaint "advert." blocks to be produced by the benzoline process, which, of course, in such a connection ought to have been called benzo-Leno!

Leno's latest public pictorial essay was his pretty floral design for the play-bill used at the recent London Pavilion matinée in aid of his and his variety comrades' beloved benevolent society, "The Rats."

Finally, let me tell you that Dan Leno has one especial virtue—I won't say linked with a thousand crimes—but it is a virtue that many a fellow-professional and many others not of his toilsome profession would do well to follow. He has always, since his early days—when he suffered privations such as few great popular favourites have known—taken care to live well within his income, whether it has been tiny, as it used to be, or terrific, as it now is.

"Good old big-hearted little Dan," as he is always called, possesses (as the Bard of Avon hath it) "a tear for pity and a hand open as the day for melting charity." Indeed, when I last called at Springfield House to smoke a cigar with my old friend around his domains, I found him busily writing shoals of letters for this or that benevolent purpose, and enclosing, where need was, his little cheque. He is always doing this sort of thing, or slipping the furtive sovereign into the hand of some poor "pro." who has fallen by the way and is like to be turned out of his humble "digs." For Dan Leno, now at the very head of low-comedians, both of the theatrical and the variety stages, never forgets what he suffered himself in his early days.



## MR. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA AND FAMILY.

WHEN I first had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sousa, he was reading a letter which had just come in by the American mail. It was written in a round, childish hand, and began, "My dearest Poppa." The genial composer greeted me warmly, and, waving the letter gently in his hand, said, "From one of my children, sir," and pointed to a photograph which stood on the mantelpiece. It



MASTER PHILIP SOUSA.

Photo by Gilbert, Philadelphia.

was very evident that he preferred talking about his children to conversing on the subject of music, for, handing me the portrait of his second girl, he said: "The peculiar ideas which work in a child's mind brings to my memory an incident respecting Priscilla when five years of age. One afternoon, when we were living in Washington, she came up to me and, looking earnestly into my face, said, 'Poppa, is it wrong to play skipping-rope on a Sunday?' I said yes, I thought it was. 'But don't you know it is?' she persisted, 'because they told me so in Sunday School.' 'Well,' I said, 'the teachers there know a lot, and I guess they're about right in this case.' 'Well,' she answered, 'Nelly Jones says it isn't wrong to play skipping-rope on a Sunday, and I said to her, 'You're eight and I'm only five, but I

guess I know more about sin than you do, and so I shan't play skipping-rope on a Sunday.' That, of course," said Mr. Sousa, "concluded the argument. No, they're none of them geniuses at music, but they play nicely and show average talent.

"How did I come to start my band? Well, when I was about twenty-four years of age I was appointed Director of the Marine Band at Washington. After I had been there for ten or eleven years, I attracted the attention of several gentlemen interested in music, who formed themselves into a syndicate and made me an offer to leave Washington and start the new band. I did so, and it was a success from the first. Many people who had money in the concern were bought out by one man who subsequently had sole control until his death some ten years ago. Since then I have run the band myself, with the assistance of a very capable Manager.

"How many marches have I written? That is a colossal task for my memory. From the time I first began to write marches, I don't suppose I have written less than a hundred. Many of my marches have never been published, for the manuscripts have been lost, and I dare say some of them I should fail to recognise."

"Is it true," I said, "that you received only seven pounds for 'The Washington Post'?"

"Absolutely. Thirty-five dollars was the sum I received for that identical piece of music. I wrote it in a hurry, and sold the thing right out, reserving no royalties. The story of its composition is rather an interesting one. The newspaper in Washington known as the *Washington Post* was, in 1888, controlled by Frank Haton, who subsequently became Postmaster-General of the United States. He and another of the proprietors of this paper, Beriah Wilkins, conceived the idea of getting up a number of

prizes to be given to the school-children for the best essays on given subjects, and the thing soon became marvellously popular. All the school-children in the district of Columbia went in for the

competitions, and the judges who had gone over the manuscripts to decide those to receive medals found so many successful competitors that they asked the Government to lend them Smithsonian's Institute for the prize-distribution. This was at once granted, and Haton asked me if I would bring my band along, as he would like to have some music. I agreed to this, and he said, 'Sousa, it would be awfully nice if you would write a march for that occasion,' and so I composed 'The Washington Post.' Thus, you see, it was really written for the school-children of Washington and named after the paper which brought them together."

For "The Stars and Stripes" Mr. Sousa received considerably over fifty thousand dollars, and he has been paid a similar sum for many of his subsequent compositions.

"I have written six operas," continued Mr. Sousa, "and a 'Te Deum.' Before I was known to the public I had a wild enthusiasm to write an oratorio. I selected my words from the Bible and started it, and maybe one of these days I shall complete it. At present it still remains in fragmentary form. Then I have written a large number of Suites, waltzes, songs, and miscellaneous pieces. My most popular march is 'The Stars and Stripes.' 'The Washington Post' is what I call the landmark of my marches, for it was the first composition of its kind by which I met with success and also the first to cross the ocean."

There is a very silly story which has gained ground lately to the effect that Mr. Sousa's name is not Sousa at all. It is not known who the genius was that first started the theory, but if he ever cares to disclose his identity Mr. Sousa would like to meet him! It is said that the composer's real name is "So," and that his bâton used to bear the inscription, "So, U.S.A.," which stood for "So, United States of America," or "So, United States Army," whichever way the reader liked to take it. "So long as it did the run of the papers only,"

Mr. Sousa remarked, "it was a funny little story; but occasionally someone would address me as 'Mr. So,' and then it got monotonous. I didn't even mind that, however; but when a deep-voiced, grave-looking minister came up to me one day and asked if the story were true, because he knew a man in Portugal who claimed to be a relative of mine, and his name was Sousa, I thought it time to write to the Press.

"My first opera," Mr. Sousa continued, "was not a success. Then I wrote in 1884 'Desiré,' but the public, for some reason which at the time I failed to understand, refused to let that live also. I tried to argue the point with them, but didn't succeed in bringing them round to my way of thinking, though afterwards I came to see that they were pretty near the mark.

My third opera was 'El Capitan,' which was also my first great success. It had a wonderful run in America, and was also liked over here. I never saw it in England, however. Then I wrote 'The Bride-Elect,' and, when the opportunity occurs, I shall produce it in London. It is an opera of which I am very fond, and I am glad to say my good opinion of it is shared by the American public. 'The Mystical Miss' met with a fair share of success in London. The proper name for this opera is 'The Charlatan.' It was re-christened without my knowledge. My last opera, 'Chris and the Wonderful Lamp,' ran for over a year in America, and I hope it will shortly be seen here. I am under contract to write another opera just as soon as I can. It is only during the summer months that I have any opportunity for composition. From the 1st June to the 1st October I am stationary with my band at Manhattan Beach, and my hours are pretty regular, so I can devote a certain part of the day to my operas. I never play my compositions until they are complete. I scribble down on any old scraps of paper hieroglyphics which are intelligible only to myself. After I have once thought out an idea, then I write very rapidly. The way I generally manage with regard to my operas is to get a scenario from a librettist, as in the case of 'El Capitan,' and then mark those passages which should be treated musically and work out the whole thing in my own way. I wrote half the lyrics in 'El Capitan,' and all those of 'The Charlatan' and 'The Bride-Elect.' Of my operas, I think 'The Bride-Elect' is the best—that is, from a musical point of view."

Mr. Sousa expressed himself delighted with the warmth and enthusiasm of the English audience. He had been warned that he would find the Britons cold and unresponsive. "I was most agreeably astonished," he said, as he wished me good-bye, "for I met with more encouragement and heartier applause in London than in any other city in Europe. I shall look forward to my next visit with real pleasure."



MISS HELEN SOUSA.

Photo by Rockwood.



MISS PRISCILLA SOUSA.

Photo by Rockwood.

## WHERE EVERYBODY MAKES MONEY.

A STROLL ROUND THE ROYAL MINT, APROPOS OF THE NEW COINAGE.

SHOULD you during your strolls on Tower Hill observe an ordinary-looking hooded van turning into the gateway of the Royal Mint, you may take it for granted that van would be worth robbing, for it is in such unpretentious manner that the precious metals out of which our coins are made pass to the custody of the Mint officials.

We will follow such a van to the main door of the building, assuming an air of indifference to the attractions of money, to allay the suspicions of the soldier and policeman who mount double guard at the outer gate. No sooner does the van draw up at the central door than a clerk-like young man dismounts and enters the building, only to return with a little group of officials and workmen.

The latter drag with them a small trolley, and in a few moments they are busily engaged in piling up a load of massive ingots of whitish metal. This time, then, it is a delivery of silver ingots we have been fortunate enough to witness, so that the total value of that trolley-load is small, merely a matter of £8000. The van, however, contains half-a-dozen trolley-loads, thus making the aggregate value of the delivery a matter of considerable importance to anyone save a millionaire.

What passes in at this door in the form of rough-looking ingots will issue out at that dingy

We next follow a trolley-load of these bars to the rolling-room, where there is a series of five presses, through each of which all the bars have to pass, the object being to reduce them to the exact thickness of the particular coin in view. When they have passed through the last of these presses, then our bars have been transformed into long strips of thin metal, out of which another machine punches the blank bits of silver which are to be coins by-and-by. From this press the blanks pass to another which raises that edge which will be found round the margin of each coin. It will be obvious that, after all the rolling and pressing which the metal has passed through, it will not now be in

a very suitable condition to receive the impress of the die, so the blanks are now poured into iron trays and plunged into a furnace for a certain time in order to soften them. When they emerge from that furnace, they have the dirty appearance of discs of sheet-iron, and, as such, would destroy for ever the reputation of the Mint for producing only bright, clean coin if they were passed into circulation in that condition. From the iron trays of the furnace, then, the blanks are emptied into eullenders and so plunged into a copper-containing boiling acid. A subsequent washing in water and drying in sawdust



SILVER BARS BEING ROLLED TO THE REQUIRED THINNESS.



RAISING THE EDGES OF THE BLANKS.



PUTTING THE BLANKS INTO THE FURNACE TO ANNEAL THEM.



THEY ARE NEXT PLUNGED INTO BOILING ACID TO CLEAN THEM.



THIS PRESS MAKES THEM INTO COINS OF THE REALM.

*From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.*

door in the courtyard yonder in the form of coin of the realm. That same door is an object for a miser to gloat over—through its portals all the money used in the United Kingdom since 1810 has passed. Such a prospect is too tempting to contemplate for long; it will be less vexatious to follow these ingots on their journey through the Mint. They have much tribulation to endure ere they emerge into the outer world again as brand-new coins.

But first they have to be paid for, and we cannot fail to note that the clerk-like young man seems in a desperate hurry for his cheque. No wonder; it does not want long to closing-time at the Bank, and a day's interest on many thousands of pounds is worth something.

Following our trolleys across the yard on their miniature railway, we enter the weighing-room of the Mint, where the ingots are marked and weighed for the melting-pot, the exact amount of alloy necessary for each trolley-load being also duly portioned out at the same time. All is now ready for the melting, which is carried out in large crucibles of plumbago, holding 5500 ounces of the metal. For gold, smaller crucibles are used, but otherwise the process is the same for all the metals. As soon as the silver is in a molten condition, the crucible is lifted from the furnace, and the metal is poured into a series of moulds, which cast it into bars about twenty inches in length.

prepares them for the final ordeal of passing through the press which, at one blow, transforms them from bits of silver, which anyone might deface or imitate with impunity, into coin which may not be tampered with or counterfeited save at the risk of a heavy penalty.

Such are the processes at work this very day in the production of the first coins of the new reign. It was not until this morning that the effigy of King Edward was impressed upon the coin of his realm, and, of course, some time will elapse ere the new coins are widely in circulation. In the meantime, only gold and copper of the new coinage will be produced, but on the humble farthing as well as on the aristocratic sovereign the effigy of the King will be the same. It will be remembered that a special Royal Proclamation heralded the new money, and it is probable that another document of that kind will have to be issued before the silver coinage is tackled.

Although the coin of the realm is, of necessity, hedged around with many protecting penalties, very few people are aware that there is one condition under which they are expected to deface it. If you are handed a sovereign which is under the correct legal weight, the Coinage Act states that you "shall" "cut, break, or deface any such coin." But if you make a mistake in the weight, the Act compels you to accept the broken coin in payment!

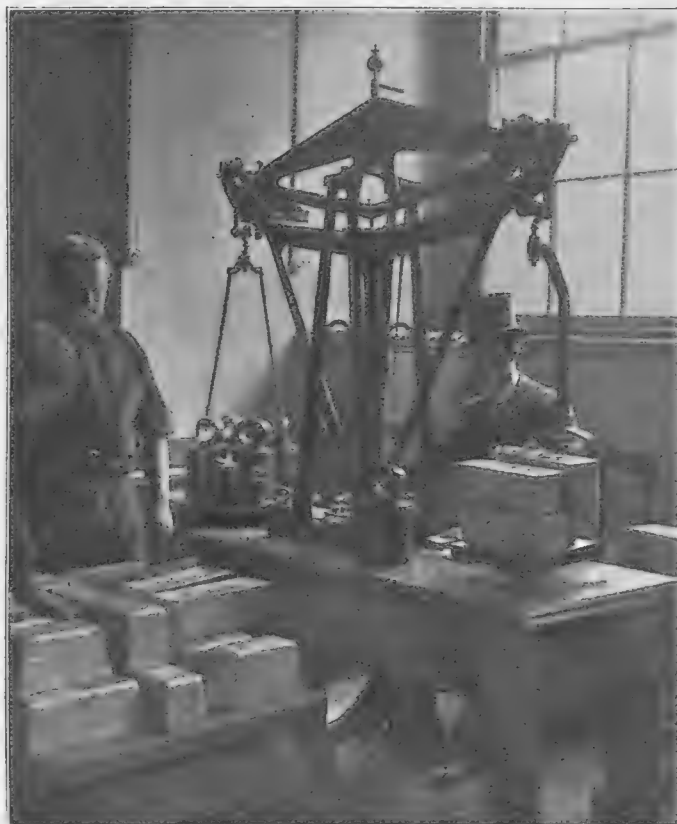


WHERE EVERYBODY MAKES MONEY:

A STROLL ROUND THE ROYAL MINT, APROPOS OF THE NEW COINAGE.



ARRIVAL AT THE MINT OF A PURCHASE OF SILVER INGOTS.



WEIGHING THE INGOTS BEFORE MELTING.

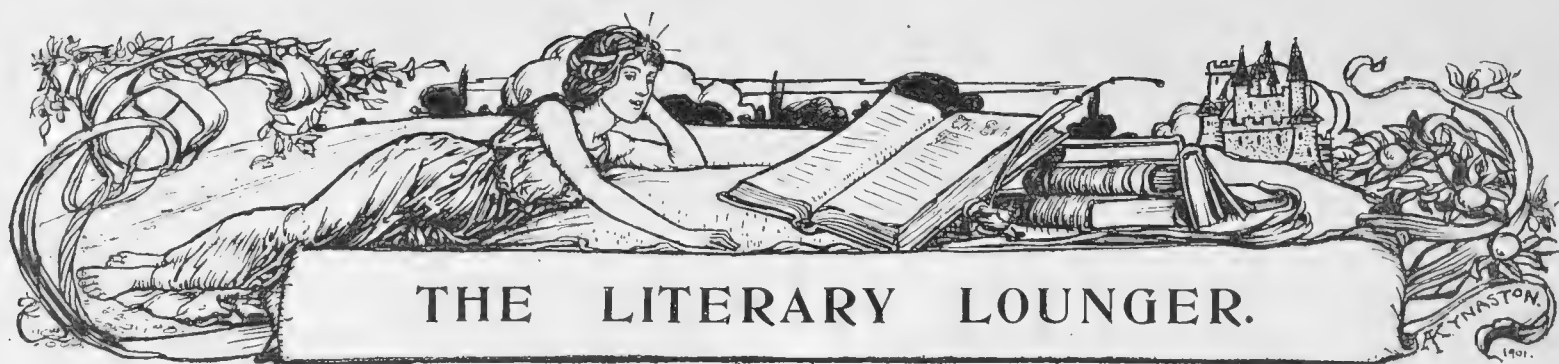


LIFTING A CRUCIBLE OF MOLTEN SILVER FROM THE FURNACE.



POURING THE MOLTEN SILVER INTO MOULDS.

*From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.*



### THROUGH THE LEAVES.

THE volume of book-business done during the last few days has been tremendous, and I hear that there is a general consensus of opinion that the Christmas week has been the busiest and best experienced for many years. The sales of the numerous pocket-versions of standard works have been particularly large, and these books seem to have found a special market as inexpensive but most acceptable Christmas-gifts.

I hear from America that the autumn publishing season has, on the whole, been excellent. The publishers, however, according to one correspondent, are in danger of becoming "advertisement mad." The amount spent during the last few weeks on one book in the New York journals alone must have reached £500, and the same advertisements appear in at least a score of dailies outside New York, and probably in as many weeklies. It is true that the sales of novels in America reach figures beyond the English publisher's dreams of avarice, but, what with the enormous expenses essential for an American "boom," and the sudden increase of authors' royalties, I am inclined to think the American publisher's profits are being exaggerated. The happy results for the author cannot be exaggerated.

The year's book-trade in France has been distinctly bad. The enormous vogue of the literary feuilleton and causerie—the fact that practically every author of any distinction writes signed articles and stories in the dailies—seems to have seriously diminished the sale of books, for these are, for the most part, collections of such articles or republications of serial or short stories. There has been, however, a growing demand for *éditions de luxe* of standard authors, and some magnificent works have been put upon the market. French printing, especially in colours, has found no successful rival, even in Austria.

The most sumptuous work of the year published in this country is unquestionably the new illustrated edition of Professor Sloane's "Napoleon." Few modern books deserve such a dress, but Professor Sloane's monumental *Life* has now almost reached the dignity of a classic, for it is the most complete, most accurate, and, on the whole, the most satisfying of all the biographies. The illustrations in this new issue are wonderful. All the famous paintings by Meissonier, Détaillé, Jean Paul Laurens, Orchardson, &c., are reproduced in colours by a famous French firm, and are models for English printers. But, to my mind, more attractive than these are the new drawings made especially for this work by prominent artists of the day. Those by M. de Myrbach are particularly striking and form a revelation of what can now be done by a painter who works in conjunction with the printer. Besides the magnificent series of coloured plates, there must be hundreds of wood-blocks, many of them from rare paintings, and all reproduced with the greatest care and most artistic effect. Altogether, the work is one which everyone who has come under the spell of Napoleon should make any

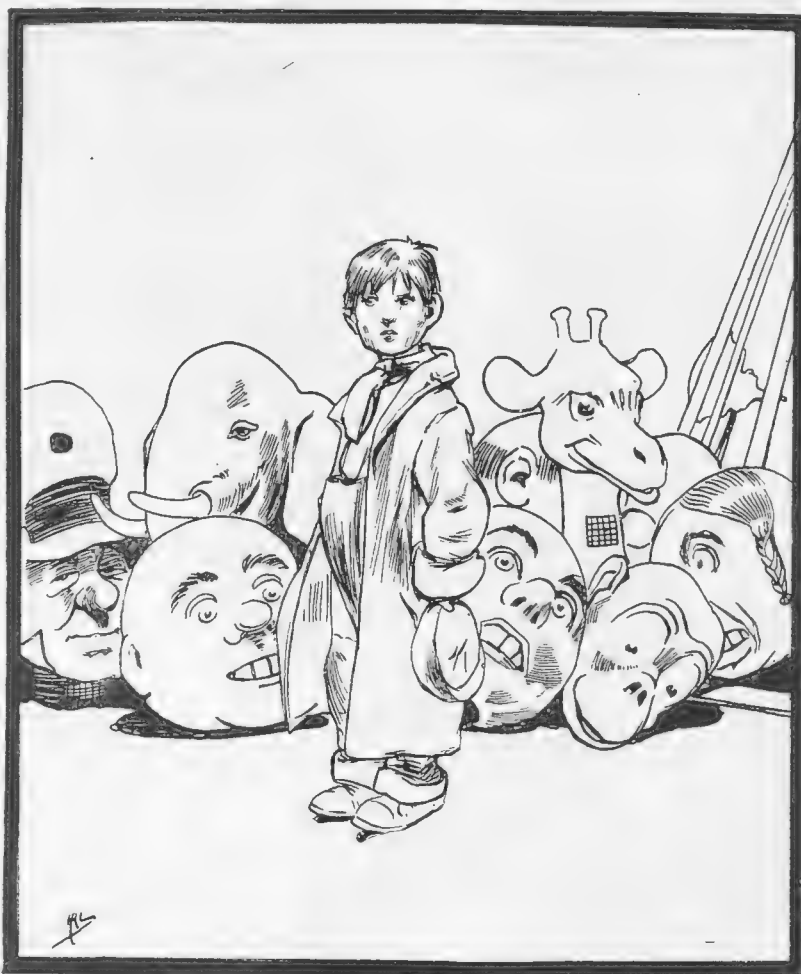
sacrifice to secure. I have but one criticism. Ernest Croft's "Napoleon and the Old Guard before Waterloo" well deserves the dignity of colour; Vernet's "Battle of Hanau" would have been more effective in black-and-white.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is a young man, but he has already written two books which are real contributions to history. His "Danton" was the most striking piece of historical writing of its year—indeed, of many years—and "Robespierre," the companion volume, which has just been issued, is equally good and in some ways even more remarkable. Mr. Belloc has, it appears to me, accomplished what is, perhaps, the most difficult task open to a historian—he has understood and done

justice to a personality with which he is instinctively out of sympathy. He has fathomed the depths of Robespierre's being, weighed in the balances the very heart of the man. In the figure of Danton there is something so Titanic, something so immense, that Mr. Belloc's enthusiasm, his verve, his astonishing powers of rhetoric, found ample—sometimes too ample—scope. In his study of Robespierre he is compelled into a calmer, more judicial attitude. No one can rhapsodise over this "grotesquely petty" creature, the unique furniture of whose mind were commonplace certitudes. No one can create a god out of the man who "never by thought added an inch to his mental stature." The wonder and triumph of Mr. Belloc's work is that, I think for the first time, we have the real humanity which breathes behind the legend of the man.

Mr. Crockett is spending the winter in the Cevennes, where the scene of his next story is to be laid.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the author of the famous "Gates Ajar," has just completed a new book, entitled "Within the Gates," a drama of the Unseen Life. o. o.



U is the "Urchin" who's willing to be  
A "chimpanzee" or a "Sioux,"  
A "Will-o'-the-Wisp" or a "wave of the sea,"  
Or whatever you like from the "Zoo."

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM "THE PANTOMIME A B C." (SANDS AND CO.)

### "THE PANTOMIME A B C."

"The Pantomime A B C" (published by Messrs. Sands and Co.) is very well illustrated by Mr. John Hassall, who has become *par excellence* the children's

artist. His quaint pictures seem to appeal particularly to the freakish fancy of a child. In this instance, however, the book is really, I should say, intended for grown-ups, as neither the verses nor the pictures treat the pantomime from the child's point of view. Disillusion comes so swiftly with age that one would not like the children who believe in the Pantomime-fairies to be told, "when they're denuded of muslin and wings (they) don't appear quite so fairy-like then," and to be shown a graphic picture of the transformation. One of the most weird illustrations is that of the limelight-man, whose

... luminous ray  
Is varied according to plot;  
It's white for the ones who are good in the play  
And is coloured for those who are not.

Another excellent drawing is that of the villain who "is recognised by his disguise." The verses are from the pen of Mr. Roland Carse.





MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE,  
PLAYING AMY IN THE MATINÉES OF "LIBERTY HALL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FELLOWS WILLSON, NEW BOND STREET, W.



MISS LILY BRAYTON,

WHO IS TO PLAY THE NAME-PART IN "THE TWIN SISTER."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.





MISS LILY BRAYTON

AS HER OWN TWIN SISTER. THE COMEDY WILL BE PRODUCED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE TO-NIGHT.

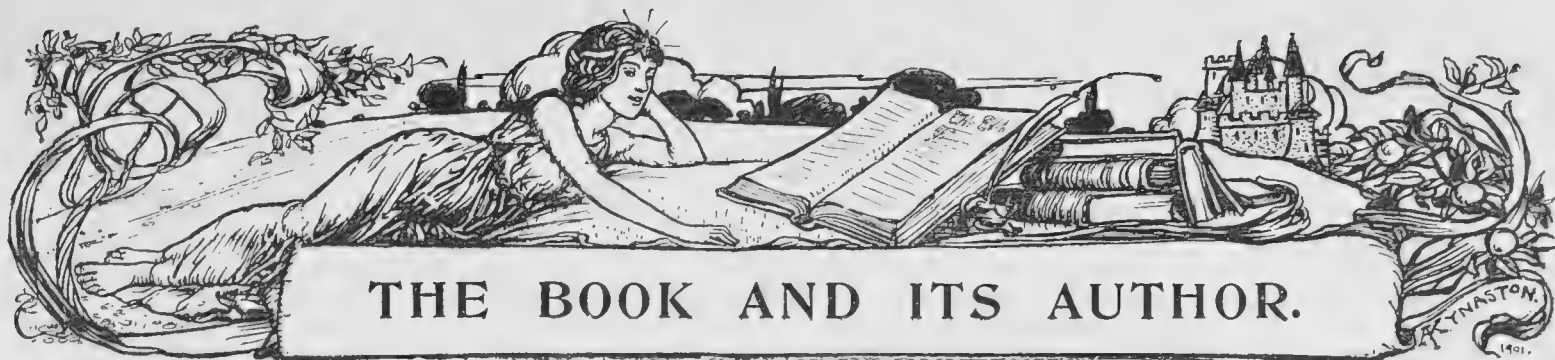
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



"OF NATURE'S GIFTS THOU MAY'ST WITH LILIES BOAST, AND WITH THE HALF-BLOWN ROSE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.





### "MEXICO AS I SAW IT."

MEXICO is a country with a past—a very interesting past, coloured richly with romance; it is also a country with a future, thanks to its mineral wealth and agricultural resources. At present it is going through a period of transition; old things are passing away, but the New Time is not yet fully come. "In some respects," says the author of this latest book about it, "Mexico, in this year of grace 1901, is highly civilised, but in others it remains utterly barbaric. Truly a land of paradox. It is most interesting, always picturesque, sometimes blood-curdling, and often sad."

"Mexico as I Saw It" (published by Hurst and Blackett), by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, is a bright, chatty, fluent, often informing, and nearly always entertaining narrative of a tour of eight months' more or less continual travel, the greater part of the time being spent in this fascinating country. Mrs. Alec Tweedie is an experienced traveller—I had written "old traveller," but the adjective is liable to be misunderstood. She has already given us books about Iceland, Norway, and Finland. To quote from her new volume: "As a girl, she rode through Iceland; a little later, she snow-shoed through Norway; and then she took to driving through Finland in carts." Verily she has gone "through" a good deal. In her last tour, she tells us that she "traversed some twenty-five thousand miles by sea and land, slept in sixty-two different beds, and passed thirty-four nights in moving trains." The irreverent italics are mine. But here, thus italicised, are two amazing feats, the latter being especially remarkable. I dislike to appear incredulous, particularly with respect to a story told by a lady, but I confess Mrs. Tweedie's statement that she spent thirty-four nights in moving trains somewhat "stumps" me. To begin with, it would put a painful strain upon me to be told by Mrs. Tweedie that she had spent even a single night in moving trains, but thirty-four! And how many trains must she not have moved in those thirty-four nights! Well, I can only present my most respectful compliments to her and congratulate her upon her marvellous strength—it is more than enough to make Sandow die of envy. But—but why did she go on moving trains, I wonder? Where were the engines? The whole subject grows in mystery the more I ponder it.



MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE.

Photo by Lombardi and Co., Pall Mall East.



MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE WATCHING PROCEEDINGS IN A MEXICAN CORRAL.

Mrs. Tweedie, who is nothing if not a hero-worshipper, writes: "That Porfirio Diaz was the greatest man of the nineteenth century may seem a strong assertion, but a glance, even one so cursory as this must be, will prove the fact. His life has been a long romance: an early struggle for existence, war and strife, wounds so severe that many times death seemed imminent; imprisonment, dangerous escapes, military success, and then a Presidentship—all these events have followed in quick succession in the career of this extraordinary individual." I fancy few people will agree with Mrs. Tweedie's estimate of the comparative greatness of Diaz, but her description of him and of what he has accomplished goes some way towards establishing it. He is, no doubt, a man of rare gifts. The mere fact that he has been able to maintain his position as President of a Spanish-American Republic for twenty years is a striking testimony to his high ability, and he seems to be a very enlightened and patriotic person. Nor when he passes away will there come any deluge, Mrs. Tweedie affirms, for he has given his country a stable Government, a fitting tribute to his greatness and power.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

It is all the more extraordinary because Mrs. Tweedie's tour was evidently a kind of royal progress through Mexico; railway managers, the Governors of Provinces, and even the President himself, entered into a pleasing conspiracy to make all the rough places smooth for her.

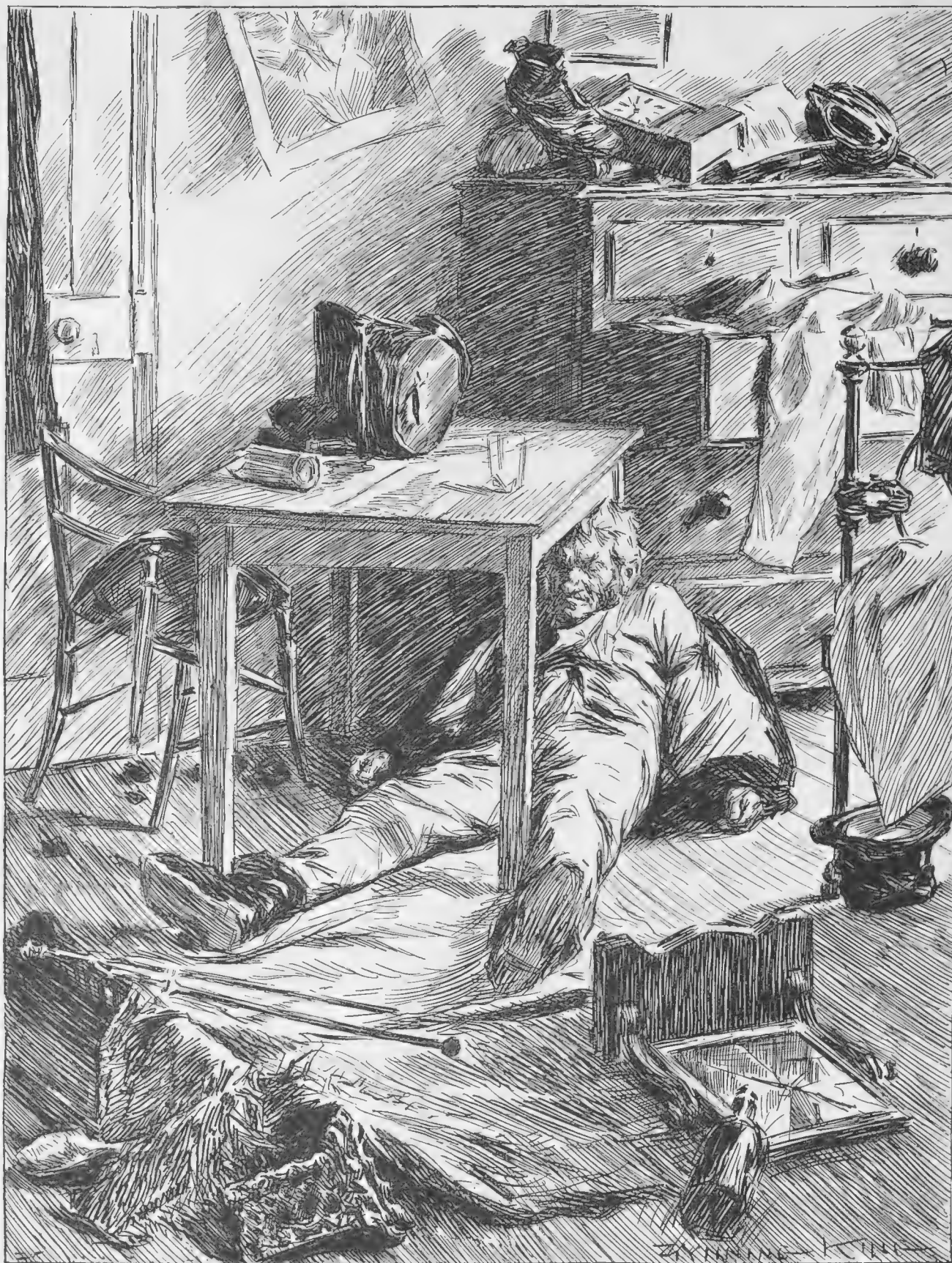
Having had my "jok"—for which, I trust, the accomplished author will grant me forgiveness—I turn (with much less "diffeculty") to her book again. It is quite impossible to read it without receiving a vast amount of information about Old and New Mexico which is fresh, interesting, and admirably presented. It is full of pictures—in a literary as well as in a literal sense. More than a hundred illustrations, the fruits of Mrs. Tweedie's skill with her kodak, enrich the volume, and the subjects thus treated range from the President down to cowboys and peasants. In the letter-press every aspect of Mexican life appears to be touched upon: the lonely ranches half-buried in dust, the insanitary towns, the bull-fights, the gambling, the cock-fights, the magnificent old ruins, the everyday customs and manners of the people—these and many other phases of Mexican life pass before us in the pages.

To my mind, the most interesting chapter in the book is that on the President of Mexico, General Porfirio Diaz. With regard to him,

Mrs. Tweedie, who is nothing if not a hero-worshipper, writes: "That Porfirio Diaz was the greatest man of the nineteenth century may seem a strong assertion, but a glance, even one so cursory as this must be, will prove the fact. His life has been a long romance: an early struggle for existence, war and strife, wounds so severe that many times death seemed imminent; imprisonment, dangerous escapes, military success, and then a Presidentship—all these events have followed in quick succession in the career of this extraordinary individual." I fancy



MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE ON A COW-CATCHER.



[Drawn by Gunning King.]

### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Lamentable result of sitting up late on New Year's Eve to make good resolutions.





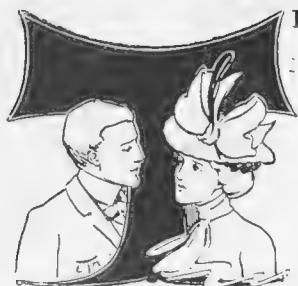
[Drawn by James Greig.]

"Play in Pantomime, Sir? No, thank you! I may live on my pals, but, praise Heaven, I'm still an artist!"

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FOG

BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.



HE Philosopher spread himself with an air of singular cheerfulness as he breasted the fog. The conditions surrounding him were precisely of a character to furnish a very satisfactory test of the philosophy which it was his boast to profess; and the discomfort of the moment affected him only in so far as it enabled him to rise superior to it. He moved through an opaque yellow-white world of impenetrable mystery. He was conscious of others moving in the same world—with, it may be, less satisfaction, if he might judge from certain detached

exclamatory sounds which from time to time rose up out of the encircling darkness. Palpable though invisible objects passed and repassed him at every conceivable angle, cannoning up against each other with aggressive stupidity, and not infrequently cannoning up against himself, as he steered his way in what he imagined to be a straight line along a straight pavement.

The pavement—as he remembered it from almost his childhood up—was certainly straight, and ran from St. James's past the National Gallery; which made it the more surprising when, a few yards further on, the Philosopher fell over a kerbstone in the middle of the road into the arms of a policeman.

"Trafalgar Square, I conceive?" said the Philosopher blandly, as he readjusted his hat.

"Piccadilly Circus," said the policeman gruffly.

"Dear me! you don't mean it?" rejoined the Philosopher. "That accounts for my having collided with so many substantial shades during the last few minutes. I appear to have lost to an extent my sense of direction."

"You ain't the fust," said the policeman, in a tone of encouragement. "If you go on long enough, you will come somewhere."

This remark contained so evident a germ of philosophy that it tickled the Philosopher into an appreciative chuckle.

"So might Epictetus have spoken!" he exclaimed gleefully. "I perceive you to be a student of Truth, my friend! Good-evening," and he continued his way with an uncertain but complacent gait. He was brought up very shortly by the unexpected propinquity of a horse.

"Sir, you are on the pavement!" remonstrated the Philosopher.

"You're on the road, more like!" retorted a voice, presumably belonging to a phantom driver up in the air. "Can you tell me where I am?"

"I was about to address the same inquiry to you," replied the Philosopher, "coupled with a request that you should drive me somewhere else."

"Drive you—not I, sir!" the voice returned. "I've signed a contract with the fog to remain in this 'ere spot till morning."

"That contract would appear to have many signatories," remarked the Philosopher, as he walked into a stationary omnibus. "The man was right—I am no longer on the pavement."

A link-boy suddenly flitted like a Will-o'-the-Wisp before him. He followed the fleeting light as it dimmed into the void, and so attained once more the anchorage of a pavement. Here and there, from a shop-window more brilliantly illuminated than its neighbours, a faint glimmer, like that of a suspended glow-worm, was thrown upon the curtain of the fog.

Although the streets were crowded and it was barely eight o'clock in the evening, the effect of the burdened air was to impose a remarkable sense of solitude upon the Philosopher. He felt himself to be one of a mutually invisible army of Shades, each in an independent world of its own. There was the muffled sound of footsteps, there were the cries of human voices in every inflection of inquiry and objurgation, and the stealthy noise of innumerable vehicles creeping—but the sounds, filtering through the thick atmosphere, had an unnatural and unhuman character; they failed to inspire any notion of obvious personal contiguity, and carried a ring of unreality, in accordance with the surrounding impression of a void peopled with phantoms.

From time to time the Philosopher paused in his progress to add his vocal comments to the sum of the echoing human sounds around him; it engaged his fancy pleasantly to address his brother phantoms in a spirit of agreeable camaraderie, as their respective orbits intersected each other. Certain fragmentary ejaculations would call for the echo of a response—as, for instance, when a human body collided against the Philosopher with some force and a voice burst forth—

"What the deuce place is this?"

"Sir," replied the Philosopher, "I apprehend we are not far from the Styx—a pleasant passage to you!"

But the illusion of an intangible world was oddly interrupted, before the Philosopher had travelled a dozen yards further, by the sound of a feminine voice close at his elbow—

"Oh, please can you tell me where I am?"

The Philosopher stopped short.

"Not very clearly, I am afraid, Madam," he replied.

"I am lost—and I am so frightened—I daren't move!"

The voice was far too soft and silvery to belong to a ghost—by no means the *vox exigua* of a Tartarean Shade—and the Philosopher's heart was touched by its plaintive appeal.

"If I can assist you—," he began.

She caught his arm impulsively.

"Oh, don't leave me!" she cried, in childish panic.

"On no account!" said the Philosopher firmly.

"If I could only find a hansom!"

"We will look for one," he said.

They had instinctively fallen into step together, though they could not see each other. The Philosopher's breast swelled with the sense of a protective mission. He became conscious of a little gloved hand touching his own—the impulse by which his fingers closed over it was, under the circumstances, a perfectly natural one. She did not withdraw her hand; the Philosopher's gentle—almost courtly—tones had inspired her with the confidence of a child in a parent. That she should not regard it as misplaced, he began at once to discourse to her in a soothing manner as they proceeded.

"There are few things," he remarked, "more disconcerting than the moral influence of a fog upon the nerves. We are surrounded even now by numerous people in various stages of agitation. They afford a striking exemplification of the helplessness of human beings in the face of any sudden dislocation of normal natural conditions. Consider if humanity were destined to exist always in such a fog! How would it affect the trend of human progress—?"

A tall figure bumped into the Philosopher at this juncture and swung him round to an angle.

"Thus!" he continued placidly. "Humanity would be perpetually working at a tangent. Advance would be crab-like—for a time; but at length human beings would, by a natural principle of habituation, adapt themselves to the new conditions of their existence—and, I doubt not, triumph over them. In such a case, a sudden burst of sunlight, of clarified air, would affect them with as singular a consternation as at present is produced upon their senses by this fog. Let us regard it rather as typical of that state of Mental Atmosphere through which the human mind must for ever be groping towards the light, in search of Truth. We can rely but upon the Lamp of Philosophy for our guidance. Philosophy rejects the disturbing influence of the emotions—whether excited by external or internal, physical or moral sensations—upon its conclusions—"

"Are you, then, a philosopher, sir?" she broke in, a little timidly.

"I am," said the Philosopher proudly. "It has always been my aim to triumph over the accidents of chance. A fog, for instance, does not in any way affect the equilibrium of my mental serenity. Philosophy—in such a climate as this especially—is the state of mind to which it should be the object of every rational person to attain. What matter whether one walks on the pavement or the road? Philosophy scorns the distinction. We cannot see the road, but we know it is there—philosophy rests satisfied with the fact—"

She gave a little cry and stumbled forward.

"Oh! what's that? I tripped over something—"

The Philosopher drew her back to an upright position.

"It was probably a dog. You should not permit yourself to be startled—you should not indulge the emotions; all the emotions—fear, joy, surprise, anger, love, passion—are destructive of the philosophical attitude of mind."

"Love, too?" she asked, with a pleasing *naïveté*.

"Love especially," he answered. "Philosophy and love cannot exist together. Love is in its very essence antagonistic to the first principles of philosophy. It rests more often than not upon no rational basis whatsoever. A lover cannot by any conceivable concession be a philosopher."

She made a little grimace, which the Philosopher could not see.

"Philosophy," he continued tranquilly, "is superior to love; it is independent of the domestic emotions; it—"

"Then you are not married?" she interrupted softly.

"Married!" exclaimed the Philosopher, aghast. "Should I be a philosopher if I were? Marriage is quite destructive of philosophy."



"IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."

A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL CARICATURES BY TOM BROWNE.



"There was a lady called Xantippe——," she ventured timidly.

The Philosopher was a little taken aback.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"Socrates—he was married, you know."

"So he was," observed the Philosopher thoughtfully. "His wife may be considered to have furnished the supreme test of his philosophy," he added in a brighter tone.

"Oh! I am afraid you're a missy—missy—missy——" She stopped, perplexed. "I have forgotten the word. A person who hates women."

"Misogynist?" suggested the Philosopher.

"Thank you. Yes, that's the word. Are you one of those dreadful people?"

"A philosopher hates nothing. Not even women," he replied indulgently.

"And you prefer your horrid philosophy to—to women?" she demanded with warmth.

"In philosophy," was his passionless rejoinder, "we find Truth; but in women——" He paused, reflecting that the conclusion of the sentence might bear an interpretation personally ungratifying to his fair companion. She ruthlessly seized on the implication of the unfinished phrase.

"You mean that all women are false!" she said, dropping his hand.

"I should have satisfied myself with a more negative distinction," he answered. "Pray be careful. There is a kerbstone there——"

She stumbled again, then stopped and confronted him nervously.

"This is awful!" she exclaimed. "And there doesn't seem to be a hansom anywhere!" She looked round vaguely at the encircling white wall. "How shall I get home? Shall I ever get home at all?"

"What does it matter whether you get home or not?" asked the Philosopher calmly.

"Matter? Good gracious! What do you mean?"

"The limitations of place are quite arbitrary. One place is in reality as good as another. To a philosopher all places are 'home'—and, for the matter of that, you can, if you wish it, by a judicious exercise of the faculty of imagination, imagine yourself at home now."

"I cannot imagine anything so silly!" she retorted petulantly.

The Philosopher sighed.

"Have you any idea where we are?" she demanded, shivering.

"I cannot clearly define our precise position," he replied, "but I conceive that we are proceeding in the direction of Chelsea."

"Oh, but I don't want to go to Chelsea!" she cried in alarm. "I want to go to Lancaster Gate! What shall I do?" she added, clasping her hands.

The Philosopher found himself momentarily embarrassed. As far as his own personal inclinations were concerned, it was a circumstance of equal indifference whether he went to Chelsea or Belgravia. But his companion's distress was evident, and, in a measure, he had constituted himself her protector; he felt, therefore, that he must consult her prejudices in the matter of a destination.

"You must be aware," he said gently, "that no cab-driver would take you a dozen yards in this fog. Listen to the sounds around you! They resolve themselves into one vast universal inquiry! In Piccadilly Circus 'buses and cabs were locked together, mid-street, in an inextricable wedge of helpless Interrogation. Here—wherever we are—it is little better. The more venturesome of the 'bus-drivers are leading their horses. One slipped past us just now—I heard the grate of the wheel on the edge of the pavement. If we were still in the region of shops, we might step in and investigate our locality. As it is——"

"Look, look!" she interrupted. "Call him, quick!"

There was the sudden flare of a torch in front of them, and out of the darkness a link-boy dashed swiftly past.

The Philosopher plunged towards him.

"Lucifer—Bearer of Light—stop!" he cried.

The urchin paused, with a grin.

"Call me, Gur'nor?"

"I did. If you can spare the time, be good enough to tell me—tell us—where we are."

"Where you are? Why, in Bond Street, o' course!"

"Bond Street!" repeated the Philosopher.

"Bond Street!" echoed his companion, with a gasp of unutterable relief at the familiar, home-like sound. "Little boy, stay—don't leave us!"

"Leave yer—well, wot d' yer think, Miss? I've got my bizness ter attend to, too!" retorted the boy importantly.

"Youth," said the Philosopher, "you are master of the situation—a plebeian Charon controlling the vagrant Shades. I engage your services. If you insist upon going home," he added, turning to his charge, "we cannot do better than follow our Charon to the nether world."

"But this is Bond Street!" she exclaimed, still with the ring of relief in her silvery voice.

"I know it—at least, I am willing to believe it, since Charon says so. Who better than he can conduct us to the Plutonian Realms—the Subterranean regions of the 'Tube'?"

"The 'Tube'?" she cried. "We are quite close to it!"

"The idea of distance is purely relative," he replied. "When, an hour ago, I left my Club, I imagined myself to be quite close to Trafalgar Square—yet, in the event, I found myself to be immeasurably far from that historic locality. Boy! lead us instantly to the station called Bond Street. Charon shall have his fee."

"The 'Tube,' sir? Yes, sir, I'll take you there—Bond Street; it ain't very fur, but the fog is that thick as nobody 'cept a mole could find 'is way six yards afore him without a torch. Five shillin', sir!"

Ten minutes later, they paused at the mouth of the Central Railway Station. The Philosopher paid the link-boy five shillings. "On the banks of Phlegethon you will find many others," he said. "Go and search!" Then, turning to his companion, he motioned her courteously to precede him down the steps.

Together they descended, and, reaching once more a world of light, by a mutual impulse stopped and confronted each other on the threshold of it.

The Philosopher started. Before him he beheld a young girl of the most bewildering loveliness. Her soft blue eyes were directed to his with an expression of timid curiosity, in which there was the dawning blend of a gratitude diffidently conveyed. She, too, started—for she had imagined herself to be in the company of a benevolent and middle-aged gentleman of peculiar though interesting views, whose protection, paternally offered, a maiden so situated might without loss of maidenly dignity accept.

Instead, she perceived, gazing into her face with an admiration ill-concealed, a young and singularly handsome man of twenty-five.

"I fancied, I—I thought you were quite an old man all the time," she faltered; "or, of course . . ." She broke off with an eloquent blush, and dropped her eyes.

"*Facilis descensus Averno*——," murmured the Philosopher, still gazing on the half-averted face before him.

"——*Sed revocare gradum* . . .," she rippled, darting at him a swift little mischievous glance from under a flickering eyelid.

"What!" exclaimed the Philosopher. "Is it possible that you understand Latin, that you have read Virgil—you?"

"It is a sin, I know," she answered demurely; "but I do—I have, really. I—I am a philosopher, too. You see, I was at Girton, where they make a study of the emotions," she added, with a little saucy laugh.

For a moment the Philosopher was silent. Then he said—

"Philosophy is like a Fog, and the 'Twopenny Tube' is like the Beauty that dispels its fallacies. I renounce my Creed. I proclaim a Heresy. Philosophy and Love are no longer incompatible." He paused to throw out a suggestion. "May they not," he inquired, "continue to walk, hand-in-hand, side-by-side—together—through the thick, impenetrable Fog, the lonely, inhospitable mists of the distant Unknown Future?"

But the reply of his companion was lost in the sudden roar of the approaching train.

## GLAD TIDINGS FOR AUTHORS.

[A recent advertisement in the "Daily News" ran thus: "EDITOR has opening for Lady or Gentleman to write articles from others' notes. Hours 9.30 to 6. Salary £1 per week.—Apply, &c."]

Look up, O Literary friend,

Who hitherto hast had no chance;

For near thee now doth Hope attend,

To make thine heart with gladness dance!

O Journalist, with discontent

That long hath furrowed brow and cheek,

Rejoice at this advertisement—

That offers you a Pound a-Week!

Incipient Kiplings! buck ye up

And bring your Jungling jingles forth;

Come, drain no more Depression's cup,

But smile—yea, East, West, South, and North!

For eight hours daily may ye pen,

Evolving many a tale unique

(From certain mems by other men),

And earn a Golden Pound a-Week!

Hech! brither Barries, here, the noo,

Are openings for your Kailyard cult;—

New Phillippes, who Muses woo,

O'er Care, ye bardlings may exult!

Young Hewletts, of romantic strain

(Whose heroes chewed-up Chaucer speak),

Ye all may work your special vein—

And earn the while a Pound a-Week!

New Morrisons, of Meanest Streets,

Young Hardys, with the tragic tinge,

Lo! chances of immense "receipts"

On this advertisement impinge!

Green Greenwoods, with strong "leader" form

(Who'd pelt at ev'ry party clique),

Shun Poverty's heart-chilling storm

And put in for a Pound a-Week!

And ye who fain would pen our plays,

But who have not yet made your mark,

In sight are your dramatic bays,

With safety may ye now embark!

Lo! three-and-fourpence every day

(Or fivepence hourly) may ye seek;

And Managers will cry, "Hooray!

Pineros at a Pound a-Week!"



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

## THE CHATSWORTH PERFORMANCE.

THE annual amateur theatrical performance given by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire will take place at Chatsworth on Twelfth Night, and will, it is expected, be fully as interesting as last year's was. The plays selected are "La Ballade du Désespéré," "A Commission," by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and "An Allegory," by Mr. Leo Trevor. Lady Maud Warrender and Miss Muriel Wilson, assisted by Mr. Leo Trevor and other distinguished amateurs, will play the chief parts, and the stage-management will be in the admirable hands of Mr. Alexander Stuart, the Stage-Manager of the Garrick Theatre, in conjunction with Mr. Leo Trevor. Special scenery is being made and painted for the production, which, it is safe to say, will be as complete as they always are on these interesting occasions.

The first new play to be seen in this New Year will be Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's adaptation,

## "THE TWIN SISTER,"

which, unless postponement sets in just after we have gone to press, will be produced to-night (Wednesday) at the Duke of York's Theatre. As *Sketch* readers have already been informed, "The Twin Sister" is drawn from a work by Germany's very popular dramatist, Ludwig Fulda. It is a fifteenth-century play of strong interest, especially of the kind often described as "the Eternal Feminine." The character most concerned with this always interesting interest was intended for Miss Irene Vanbrugh, but will now be undertaken by Miss Lily Brayton, who has been kindly lent by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Miss Irene Vanbrugh (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) will, like her sister, Miss Violet (Mrs. Arthur Bouchier), return to the stage in due course. Mr. Boucicault is "producing" Mr. Parker's adaptation for Mr. Charles Frohman, and Mr. Walter Hann has painted a wonderful Italian scene, in which the whole of the action takes place, or "passes," as Mr. Pinero generally puts it in his stage-directions.

To-morrow evening, the second night of this (I hope) glad New Year, is still, at the moment of writing, fixed for the production of Mr. Sydney Grundy's new adaptation, "Frocks and Frills," at the Haymarket. Messrs. Harrison and Maude's fine Company engaged for this has already been set forth in these columns. I need only now add

that the ladies have a rich treat in store, even as regards the Frocks alone, which were, a few days ago, on view at the "atelier" of the chief modiste concerned.

It may, perhaps, be as well to notify lady *Sketch* readers (and, shall I say, to warn mere male ditto?) that there are indications afoot that our West-End stage is threatened with an epidemic of frocks-and-frills or "millinery" comedies. Apart from the play which Mr. Edward Rose has adapted from the same source as that chosen by Mr. Grundy, "there are others," as the song says. These include the piece which Mr. Frederic A. Stanley is to produce at the Avenue at Easter with Miss Kate Phillips; the probable revival of a similar piece called "Coralie and Co.," written some years ago by Miss Adeleine Votieri; a play described by its author, Mr. George Dance, as an "as-you-like-it," and entitled "The Smart Set" (recently "copyrighted" at the Strand); and a comedy concerning a millinery emporium, written by Lady Violet Greville and Mr. Mark Ambient,

"copyrighted" at Wyndham's Theatre a few days ago under the somewhat familiar title of "The Moth and the Candle."

Another piece of similar feminine "fal-de-ral" interest is also called "A Smart Set." This is a play of American extraction, and it was,



MISS DECIMA MOORE, PLAYING IN "THE SWINEHERD AND THE PRINCESS," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photo by Bassano, 101 Bond Street, W.

according to evidence in my possession, "copyrighted" by Mr. Horace Lingard at Margate as long ago as last July. It is the work of Messrs. George Comer and Alfred Kea and it had a run of nine months in New York before it arrived in these islands.

In addition to all this, we may expect a revival of John Oxenford's forty-year-old comedy, entitled

## "THE WORLD OF FASHION,"

which old Olympic play, some seem only to have just discovered, was based on the same French play that is the basis of Mr. Grundy's millinery comedy, Mr. Rose's, and who shall say how many others, old and new? John Oxenford, so long critic of the *Times*, albeit a clever playwright, was not given to take overmuch trouble with his adaptations. Hence he kept the scene in France. The leading lady in "The World of Fashion" in 1862 was the late Miss Amy Sedgwick, and the leading man was the still dashing Mr. Henry Neville.

The next important New Year theatrical event after the above-named production is Mr. John Hare's starting of his lesseeship of the Criterion next Saturday (the 4th inst.) with a revival of Mr. Grundy's delightful adaptation,

## "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."

I may, perhaps, be pardoned for pointing out that two more of my *Sketch* predictions as to the naming of new plays have just been verified, namely, that Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter's new musical play for the Lyric will be called "My Best Girl," and that Messrs. J. T. Tanner and Lionel Monckton's new musical play, which Mr. George Edwardes now promises at Daly's on Jan. 18, will be entitled "A Country Girl."

## "THE SWINEHERD AND THE PRINCESS."

We are having quite a feast of fairy-tales on the stage, though in the case of one or two a touch of imagination, necessary in a fairy-tale, is lacking. The Royalty piece has moments when the critic feels quite happy. He finds a really charming Prince Charming, and a quite comic middle-aged King, and hopes that he is going to enjoy something prettily quaint and quaintly pretty. Alas! there is but one person in the piece, Miss Decima Moore, really able to sing, dance, and act, and the rest are embarrassed by the music. The idea, no doubt, is very pretty, of Prince Charming who, disguised as a Swineherd, wins the love of a Fairy Princess, and then tactfully finds her a way of admitting her affection without any personal humiliation; but this sort of thing requires a rather



MISS HÉLÈNE MOYNA HILL,  
THE CLEVER AND PRETTY LITTLE BARBARA IN "THE MAN  
WHO STOLE THE CASTLE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photo by Charles Treble.

stronger cast. Of course, Miss Phyllis Broughton danced neatly, and was able to suggest the unmelted Princess, but it cannot be said that she was quite within the part when attempting to exhibit the course of love. Mr. Herz was amusing as the King, and probably would have ordered himself off to immediate execution if he had heard himself sing a whole song without a single correct note. On the whole, the Royalty piece, if not by any means uninteresting, can hardly be called a *chef-d'œuvre*.

#### DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

Although Boxing Night at Old Drury is not so uproarious a function as it was wont to be when many of us were very youthful playgoers indeed, yet there is always considerable enthusiasm in the air and an extensive amount of "chorussing" when once the National Anthem is over and Mr. James M. Glover's fine orchestra has started the overture, always so well studded with popular airs. This joyous "atmosphere" was thoroughly in evidence at the "Lane" on Boxing Night, when Mr. Arthur Collins presented his first "Blue Beard" pantomime there—although he had a good deal to do in assisting in the production of the late Sir Augustus Harris's "Blue Beard" some years ago. Young Collins was then being trained in the "paint-room," but poor "Gus," I remember, found him even then very useful in the difficult art of stage-management.

Old Drury's latest libretto is from the pen of the humorous Mr. J. "Hickory" Wood, who this year has thirteen other pantomimes running in London and the provinces. Old Drury's is, of course, far and away the chief of two dozen pantomimes to be found this time within the Metropolitan area; and, also of course, it goes without saying that by this huge and lavish production Mr. Collins has beaten his previous noble record in this connection. No scene so beautiful as Fairy Fernland—where the Magic Fan is constructed and from whence, in due course, springs the wondrous ballet of Fans of All Ages and All Nations—has ever been seen even on the classic stage of "the little theatre in Russell Street," as it was wont to be called. Moreover, this "Triumph of the Fan" spectacle is a magnificent piece of staging to boot. "The Castle Terrace and Gardens," "The Slave Market," and last scene of all that ends this fine eventful pantomime "opening" are also gorgeous specimens of the scenic art. The costumes throughout are of the most dazzling kind.

Inasmuch as this notice of the Drury Lane pantomime has to be hurriedly dashed off as the New Year's Day issue of *The Sketch* is going to press, it must perforce be but a brief notice *pro tem*. It may be said, however, to go on with, that the piece is full of happy hits and charming (as well as merry) melodies; that Miss Elaine Ravensberg, as Selim, and Miss Julia Franks, as Fatima, both sing sweetly and look lovely; that Mr. Herbert Campbell is very diverting as the ultramarine-whiskered Mormon who gives his name to the pantomime, and that Mr. Dan Leno (the King's Own) is full of his best Lenoesque drollery as Sister Anne.

Whether posing as one of six yashmaked, recently purchased, peerless beauties intended for Blue Beard's Harem, imitating the lovely Miss Madge Lessing in her last year's Drury Lane coon-singing and dancing, emulating Hamlet's "mouse-trap" play device for probing the chief villain

to his heart's core, twanging soul-melting melodies upon the harp, or waiting perched upon a sort of chimney-stack on the look-out for Fatima's expected deliverer, Selim, the Great Little Leno causes, by quip and crank, Laughter to hold both his sides. This best of all contemporary low-comedians will be even more mirth-provoking when certain extraneous matter has been cut out and his entrances have, so to speak, been brought closer together. On Boxing Night—as was, of course, inevitable—the players often had need to "come to Ilecuba," as professionals have always said since Hamlet first invented the phrase. But all will yet be well. More of this great production anon.

Among the distinguished and ever-enthusiastic first-nighters whom Drury Lane's courteous but far-seeing business-manager, Mr. Sidney Smith, had to welcome were the following: Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Mr. G. A. Redford (Licensor of Plays), Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Collins (father and mother of Arthur Collins),

the charming young Mrs. Arthur Collins, Mr. Linley Sambourne, Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. Eustace Ponsonby, Dr. Distin Maddiek, Miss Brinsley Sheridan, Alderman Trechawke Davis, Mr. Augustus Spalding, Mrs. Fanny Ward Lewis, Mrs. Aria, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lyons, Mr. Arthur Coventry, the Earl of Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Ellison (Miss Kate Cutler), the Earl of Arran, Mrs. Leno, Mr. Charles Alias, Mr. Hector Tennent, Mr. Walter Dickson, Mr. Cosmo Stuart (nephew of the Duke of Richmond and husband of Miss Marie Tempest), Mr. Jack Joel, Mr. A. Beyfus, Lord Lurgan, Mr. Frank Curzon, Mr. A. Englebach, Colonel Jocelyn Otway, Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. Cecil Mocatta, the Hon. F. Egerton, Messrs. Stephen, John, and Rocco Gatti, Lady Colin Campbell, Mrs. Wertheimer, the Hon. E. A. Stonor, Mr. A. Grunbaum, Mrs. Henry Petre, Mr. Isidore Salmon, Mr. Murray Carson, Miss Grace Warner, Mr. Carl Hentschel, Mr. Freddy Fane, and Lady Harris, the widow of our dear dead friend who first made Old Drury the gorgeous pantomime-house it now is.

MR. SIDNEY  
CARRINGTON

starts a tour with the musical comedy, "A Queen of Hearts," on Jan. 6. The piece has

been entirely revised and re-written by Mr. Horace W. C. Newte, with new lyrics by Mr. John W. Houghton, and music by Messrs. Philip A. Henry and E. Graham Dunstan, the latter travelling with the Company as conductor. The fancy costumes have also been designed by Mr. Houghton.

Mr. Frank de Jong has returned to London from South Africa to arrange for a succession of Companies to appear at the Opera House, Cape Town, and other theatres.

The Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Teck, and the Lady Mayoress of London have graciously granted their patronage to the Children's Fancy-Dress Ball, to be held at the Crystal Palace on Jan. 15 in aid of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street—a charity which deserves the bountiful support of the public.



MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON AND MISS DECIMA MOORE AS THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD  
AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*New Year Resolutions—The late Mr. Starley—A Hint to the "C.T.C."—Sample Machines—A Meeting-Place for Ladies.*

Time to light up: New Year's Day, 4.59; Thursday, 5.1; Friday, 5.2; Saturday, 5.3; Sunday, 5.4; Monday, 5.5; Tuesday, 5.6.

This is the very time when cyclists, like ordinary folks, take to turning over new leaves and making all kind of promises for their future wheeling well-being. There is many a man who, looking at his machine this clammy weather and being startled at its miry state—for he hasn't cleaned it since his ride ten days ago—makes a solemn vow that henceforth the first thing he will always do on returning from a spin will be to clean his bicycle. Of course, we ought to clean our bicycles more promptly and regularly than we do. But we don't. And one of the good things, happily, is that a dirty old bike often runs as well as a polished one. Indeed, there are some men of my acquaintance who make it a rule never to clean their machines from the beginning till the end of winter. They oil and see that the chain runs easy; but as to cleaning, in the ordinary sense, they say "What's the use?" Cleanliness, after all, is a mere matter of degree, and we must individually decide for ourselves. But I think that this New Year

a shilling a-head was laid on each of the members (which no member would grudge), there would be something like £2500 in hand, which would procure a statue by a first-rate artist, and there would be no difficulty in getting an appropriate site in London. It is admirable to raise statues to our great statesmen and soldiers, but there are other people besides statesmen and soldiers who do good to their country.

A couple of letters have reached me from purchasers of bicycles at one of the recent Shows complaining that the machines they have received are not by any means so good as those they saw on exhibition. It is only fair to remark that this charge is not made against any of the big firms. Admitting, however, that the bicycles are not quite up to sample—and what business is there on earth that ever supplies anything according to sample?—I think that the purchasers are a little too hard on the manufacturers. It should be remembered that an exhibited bicycle is naturally made to look its very best, that all the surroundings are such as to produce a good effect on the likely purchaser, and that the purchaser, having given his order in a condition more or less of enthusiasm, is inclined to magnify the excellencies of his machine, and is proportionately disappointed when it comes home and he examines it in the dull-grey light of his own back-yard. It is an unwise thing to buy a bicycle by sample, though, a couple of years ago, I bought a bicycle at the Crystal Palace Show; but the machine I had sent home was the very one on the stand.



CYCLE SECTION OF THE HARROW SCHOOL CADET CORPS AT A FIELD-DAY ON BERKHAMSTED COMMON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTED.

we might make a resolution. We might be more enthusiastic cyclists. There is nothing like enthusiasm. One reason we don't get the hundred-and-one things we want to make us completely happy is because our enthusiasm has been sapped away. Let us support our Clubs, and let our Clubs pull the grey hairs from their whiskers and be more sprightly; let us arrange excursions and attack railway companies; let us wheel early and wheel late, and let something of the vanished old brotherhood of the wheel come back. We won't be able to do all we want, but good intentions are worth something, despite what Dante wrote about them.

I hope the movement to erect a lasting memorial to the late Mr. J. K. Starley will result in something definite. Mr. Starley, if he did not invent the present-shaped bicycle, at least did what was equally important—he brought it into popularity. Can we conceive what life would have been like these last ten years without bicycles? And yet there are hundreds of thousands of people who would never have taken to wheeling at all had it not been for Mr. Starley's efforts. I knew him well. He was an extremely kind and courteous gentleman, and most of his spare-time was devoted to philanthropic religious work. On that point this is not the place to speak. But if a man is to be praised for the general good he does to his fellow-creatures, Mr. Starley deserves the thanks of us all. I believe the town of Coventry, to which he brought great success and prosperity, proposes to raise a museum and library to his honour. Cannot the great body of cyclists do something? The Cyclists' Touring Club, for instance, would be a very fitting body to start a subscription-list for the purpose of raising a statue. If a levy of

One of the most frequent complaints heard from ladies resident in London is that they have no opportunities for cycling in the winter. Many admit being nothing more than butterfly cyclists, who would like to wheel, but would rather not wheel at all if it meant their machines getting dirty. These ladies will be glad to hear that several of their sex have joined together for the purpose of taking a drill-hall in the West-End once a week, where for a few hours in the afternoon there can be cycling. There will be no teaching, except that there is to be a trick-riding instructor, who will show how to perform several feats; also there will be music, so that musical drill can be indulged in, and general means provided for the lady cyclist to have some exercise once a week. Something of this sort has certainly been needed, and I hope the project will be well supported.

J. F. F.

## HARROW SCHOOL CADET CYCLE CORPS IN ACTION.

These boys have just shown their usefulness as scouts and despatch-riders in a sham fight which took place on Berkhamsted Common recently. The manner in which they disappeared down the glades and rides intersecting the furze and trees, and reappeared bringing news of the enemy, was worthy of all praise, affording their commander, Captain Searle, a great advantage over the Berkhamsted Corps, under Captain Parsons, who had no such force. The Umpire, Captain Pigot (Adjutant of the 20th Middlesex), said that the Harrow advance was well carried out. He also complimented the Berkhamsted Corps on the way it took advantage of cover.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*The Derby.*

We ought to see a real good race for the Coronation Derby. Huggins and Lester Reiff think that Duke of Westminster will win the Derby, while Maher is of opinion that the race will be won by Ard Patrick, who is trained in Darling's stable. Csardas, who is trained by W. G. Stevens at Chilton, is a very smart colt. He beat Amoret II. at Kempton, and ran second to Minstead in the Middle Park Plate. He also ran second to Sterling Balm at Newmarket, second to Sceptre at Epsom, and second to Game Chick at Doncaster. He is by Ladas—Polka, and is evidently more than useful. William Stevens trained Merry Hampton when he won the Derby for Mr. Abington Baird. After all, the Derby may be won by Mr. Whitney's Nasturtium, who was the best two-year-old in America and who would be ridden at Epsom by Lester Reiff if the latter were granted a licence by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. I do think, in view of the Coronation festivities, the Stewards should at least grant licences to Tod Sloan and Reiff, seeing that the Americans will crowd to this country in their thousands and will, without a doubt, patronise our racecourses freely.

*Two-Year-Olds.*

I hardly think John Porter is entitled to rank as an authority on two-year-olds, seeing that he does not get his young horses fit before the Epsom Summer Meeting. Those trainers who run two-year-olds right through the season, from March to November, are the men who could put us right on the question of racing two-year-olds. It may be interesting to state here that I tipped The Bard for sixteen races in his two-year-old days, and he won every one of them. He was only a pony, and yet running him out as a youngster did not appear to have impaired his speed. I am not likely to forget The Bard's running for the Derby. I had been told before the race that Ormonde could not lose, but in a weak moment I was guided by my touts and tipped The Bard. Well, he ran a very good second, and, with the Kingsclere champion out of the way, he would have won the race in a trot. My men of observation excused themselves after the race by saying that it would have been no use to have tipped anything else but The Bard, as the public were on Mr. Perks' colt to an odd 'un. They were, too.

*Artistic Pullers.*

The late George Barrett, when he once got himself into trouble with the Stewards on an alleged charge of unfair riding, is said to have made the following remark: "They want to get me off for trying to win, while So-and-So is going off for trying to lose." Foul riding, by-the-by, is just as bad an offence in the eyes of racing law as pulling, yet it has this one virtue in it—the unfair rider is, at any rate, a trier. Further, he runs a very big risk of being found out, while the artistic puller does all his dirty work out of sight. He hangs back at the start and hangs back in the race until he knows victory to be impossible, when he comes like a shot out of a gun, and, after he has been cleverly beaten by a length, he receives the congratulations of the crowd on his masterly finish, while others commiserate with him on his bad-fortune. The pullers often receive their instructions by signal. It takes an artist to pull a horse and not be found out, but we have several strong-o'-the-arms who are doing it every day. They are well known to 'cute racegoers, but not to the Stewards, more's the pity.

*Objections.*

Many frivolous objections are laid under National Hunt Rules, and I hope the punishment will be made to fit the crime, or we shall presently be finding owners of seconds objecting so as to be able to limit their losses by going into the Ring and laying odds on the winners getting the race. I need hardly say that a proceeding of this sort would merit severe punishment, and do not infer that it has ever happened, but I am pointing out that it would be possible. Frivolous objections should never be possible, and they

would not be laid if the Stewards at all meetings were real live men instead of dummies. The National Hunt Committee ought to appoint a paid official Steward to act at all meetings. In the course of time, he would discover the sharps, and their little games would then soon close. My contention is that, directly the owners' ranks were rid of the raffia, the respectable owners would come into line at once, and we should then see sport between the flags flourish as it does on the flat. Give us good Stewards and good owners, and the rest must follow as a matter of course. What can those of our officials who act at the swell race-meetings think of some of the actors at the little Hunt-leather-flapping meetings?

*Sobriety.*

I heard a dispute between a leading bookmaker and a big backer at a certain meeting during the flat-racing season. The backer, who was a member of the Racing Club, declared that he had not made a certain bet. The bookmaker said he had, and drove the argument home thus: "I do not suppose you remember it, as you were drunk, sir, at the time." Under the circumstances, I really do not think that the bookmaker ought to have accepted the bet. However, the moral of it all is, "Sobriety is the first aid to successful speculation," and big backers and bookmakers should keep off the poison in business hours. The majority of them do, by-the-by, and those who fly to the drink generally have a very short innings. The funniest little incident in which drink played a leading part happened some years ago at a South Country meeting. An owner whose horse had

just won a selling-race bid persistently to buy in the winner, only to find that the latter was bought by his own trainer at a big price. When an explanation was demanded, the trainer declared that the owner had given him the office to buy in the horse. The owner, who had gone to the bar once too often, declared that he had given the trainer no such order. As a matter of fact, his memory was a perfect blank.



COLONEL MCCALMONT'S SHOOTING-PARTY AT CHEVELEY PARK, NEWMARKET: MRS. MCCALMONT AND LADY LILLIAN BOYD OFF TO THE SHOOT.

The new racecourse in course of construction at Castle Irwell, Manchester, will when completed be the finest in the kingdom. All the racing will be seen from the stands, which, by-the-by, are to be covered. I am glad to

hear that the directors of the new course have decided to build a shilling stand. They evidently believe in playing up to the gallery, and I am certain the time is fast approaching when the crowd will have to be better catered for by racecourse officials. If it is possible to see Irving from the gallery of the Lyceum for one shilling, surely racecourse owners could provide stand accommodation at the same price. Indeed, I suggest to the enterprising an even-better plan. Let the racecourse companies and railway companies combine and issue a ticket for railway and the shilling stand at about half the usual railway-fare, and in the long run both companies would make a large profit. So many people nowadays stay away from race-meetings on account of the expenses that it is imperative on Clerks of Courses and Railway Managers to adopt a scale of charges sufficiently attractive to draw the bulk of sportsmen, who would go to the course if they were charged reasonable fees only.

*Entries.*

I predict a record in the matter of Spring Entries this year. Owners will be desirous of seeing their horses carry silk on every possible occasion during the Coronation year, and I expect the City and Suburban, the Great Metropolitan, and the Jubilee Stakes will yield very well, as races to be decided in the Metropolitan district are always popular, because the betting is generally good. It is expected that His Majesty the King will enter Ambush II. for the Grand National, which on that account alone should draw a big crowd to Aintree in March. The Lincoln Handicap will, no doubt, as usual, attract a big field of moderate horses, and the man who can pick out the one star in the firmament should do well. Despite the carpings of the critics, the early two-year-old races are likely to average well, but, unless I am grievously mistaken, the meeting of the year will be the Ascot fixture, which is to be held just before the Coronation festivities take place.

CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE New Year has been ushered in with what may be termed a Resolution. New Years often have before. What becomes of the firm resolves and the turnover leaves it does not become one to inquire. Some doubtless outlive February; not a few succumb to suspended animation immediately after birth. This particular and

betimes and so wisely avoid the inevitable rush that will take place both there and here later on. I hear that our big dressmakers are trying to secure the pick of Continental as well as "home-grown" workers already, on the "early bird" principle, as the stream of orders already pouring in will by the spring become an avalanche of commissions. Alarmists are here and there croaking about the spread of small-pox and prophesying that it will spoil the season. But, if people will calmly think the matter out and compare the small number of cases with our seven-million population, it will be seen that the percentage is an infinitesimal one, added to which I hear that, as three-fourths of that number have already been vaccinated, and may be considered therefore immune, the epidemic should be very calmly regarded by all except those who have not undergone the temporary discomfort of the inoculation.

Now that balls have begun again, a great outburst of dance-gowns is noticeable at the dressmakers', a distinctive feature of which is the quantity of artificial flowers with which these filmy "creations" are trimmed. One dainty little pale-yellow crêpe-de-Chine frock had an entire sash of trailing crocuses, a bodice garniture of the same, and an edging of the flowers, which varied from softest amber to vivid marigold-yellow, about the three chiffon foot-flounces. Another fairy-like frock was built of white tulle over pink, with long trails of pink Banksia roses from waist to hem all around. A little crown of the roses and a fan covered with beheaded blossoms went with the gown. Fragility itself expresses these flower-trimmed confections, but, like the maidens they are intended to adorn, their charm while fresh and unspoiled is undeniable. I see



[Copyright.]

BLUE CLOTH AND CHINCHILLA.

aforesaid resolve will, however, very probably run its allotted course, inasmuch that it has no troublesome elements of virtue to recommend it, but promises to profitably pander to the eternal vanity of the Eternal Feminine. In a word, the Great Resolution just voiced by the principal mode-makers in Paris is that women's dress will be more costly than before for the coming season. The forthcoming London Coronation will have far-reaching influences, and already its effects are making themselves felt in the industries of Europe. Embroideries, laces, furs, jewels, and the thousand details that go to make up a costly modern toilette are already in well-considered preparation. So the modistes, having put their heads together, have evolved the Resolution which will not impossibly cause a Convolution—if not, indeed, a Revolution—amongst husbands, fathers, and other bill-paying atoms of the community. One would have supposed that the acme of extravagance was reached when materials costing actually one guinea an inch were brought into use—Mrs. Patrick Campbell has just had a frock made for her American tour extensively trimmed with a blue-and-silver brocade at this price—but I am comfortably assured that this "is nothing" to what one may expect later on in the way of extravagant stuffs, seeing which one can only piously thank the Fates that the business of bread-winning lies in other hands, and that the taking, not the making, rests with us.

Numbers of people have, by the way, gone to Paris for Christmas, and are staying on with a view to equip themselves in the latest mode



[Copyright.]

A SKATING-DRESS OF RED TRIMMED WITH MINIVER.

that Peter Robinson's Winter Sale in Regent Street began on Monday (30th ult.) and lasts throughout the month. This is an occasion that women will eagerly welcome for the renewal of their wardrobes at greatly lessened prices. Dress-materials, judging from their catalogue just sent me, seem to be going a-begging, while a number of unmade "robes"



in cashmere, voile, and other materials are marked at ten shillings to thirty-two-and-six, which sounds alluringly cheap. Evening-cloaks and long outdoor-cloaks are also in the list of "sacrifices." The sale will also be an opportunity for the buyers of furs.

A good many benevolently minded, not content with showering Christmas gifts on their beloved belongings, like to signalise the advent of New Year by some special cadeau. In France, of course, *Le Noël*, as we all know, does not obtain the same importance from the social aspect as does *Le Jour de l'An*, and the thing of the hour is the giving and receiving of cadeaux, and though with us this fête is of lesser importance, still a good many pretty things change hands about this time. The Vinolia Company's specialities have been prepared with a special view to this gift-giving season, and some of the boxes and bottles in which their fragrant scents have been prepared are quite exceptionally pretty. The Vinolia Company's White Lilac is a princess of scents, as their Violet-scented Soap is one of the most delicate and dainty of preparations. I hear great things of the Vinolia Hair Lotion, too, which is reported by those who know to banish baldness on the most uncompromisingly polished pates, on the strength of which suggestion I have sent some to an elderly relative who is as bare of head as the average baby, and have bid him hope for the best. If in his case the Vinolia hair tonic can accomplish a stray growth or two, it will have done more than could have been hoped for in the ordinary way.

An invisible motor-mask will be welcomed by the increasing number of fair automobilists who have been up to now dependent on the unsightly satin mask or muffling gauze veil for protection in the swiftly-rushing

wind to which all motorists are exposed. The "Claxton" mask-veil comes at the right moment to supply that "long-felt want" of the classics—and it does so effectually. Composed of a colourless, transparent material of no weight, and quite invisible under gloss or an ordinary veil, the "Claxton" mask comes as a boon and blessing, for it effectually protects the face from the nipping effects of east winds, yet does not interfere with free respiration. To the cyclist or mountaineering enthusiast or the skater it is no less a luxury than to the motorist, and should, therefore, be adopted by all who lead healthy



THE "CLAXTON" MOTOR-MASK VEIL.

outdoor lives and yet retain a proper solicitude for woman's chiefest charm—her complexion. "A. Claxton, 62, Strand," is the address for one of these veils; the price is seven-and-sixpence, and the veil lasts, with care, for years.

I am asked by a correspondent to name "some church or churches that are most frequented by the fashionable world on Sunday mornings before Church Parade," and, after conscientious inquiries amongst my acquaintance, can give the following recommendations: St. Thomas, Regent Street; St. Andrew's, Wells Street; All Saints', Margaret Street; Holy Trinity, Sloane Street.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HAUSWIFE.—If you are looking for something that will answer your several requirements, try "Myra Borax." It is a new preparation, but is already an established household favourite.

F. S. (Birkenhead).—Yes, the "Gilbert Emaciolets" are absolutely harmless and most effectual in reducing fat. If you cannot get them in Liverpool, send to Madame Gilbert, 200, Regent Street.

SYBIL.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOSPITAL FUND.—Mr. G. Mellin has most generously offered to place at the disposal of the Prince of Wales's (now King Edward's) Hospital Fund for London a quantity of Mellin's Food equivalent in value to £10,000, to be distributed among London hospitals at the rate of £2500 worth per annum. The offer has been gladly accepted and will be greatly appreciated.

Photography is indeed making strides! It seems only yesterday that the camera was a monopoly of the professional operator, and yet to-day you may visit an exhibition of "Brownie Kodak" Pictures (at 59, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge) taken by members of the Club of that name under sixteen years of age, the camera used in all cases being the modestly priced five-shilling "Brownie Kodak." The exhibition opened on Dec. 20 and closes on March 31, the photographs being on view every week-day from 9.30 a.m. till 8 p.m., except Saturdays, when the hour for closing is 2 p.m.

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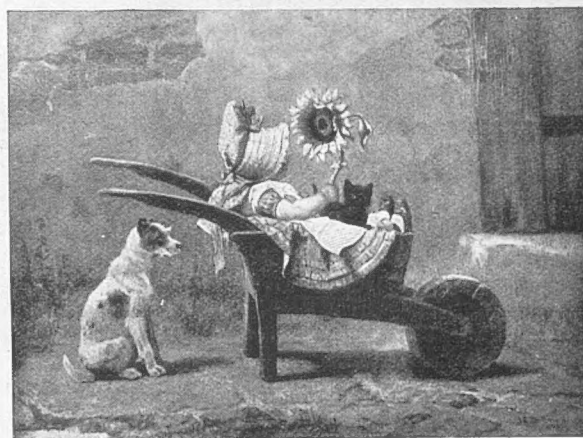
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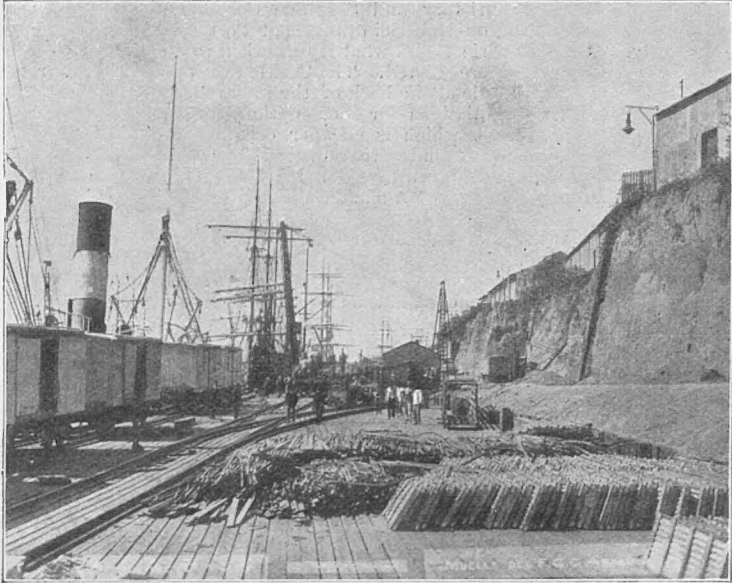


CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on January 14.*

A BRIGHTER NEW YEAR.

THE Happiness and Prosperity which we wish to all our readers in this New Year have much better prospects of materialising than the same hopes to which we gave expression a year ago. The Old Year is not to be numbered with those upon which we look back most kindly, as regards financial and commercial aspects at all events.



CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY: ONE OF THE WHARVES.

The "Pretoria-picnic" idea was destroyed long ago, but few of us dreamt that the weary War would last right through the first twelve-month of the Twentieth Century. Its influence upon business has been literally incalculable, against which all other motives pale their ineffectual fires. Only the Yankee and Canadian departments have been really free from its maleficent shadow, and even in those two has the fear of dearer money, War-following, acted at times as a cause of depression.

But now we are changing all that. It is with hopefulness that we review, very briefly, some of the chief changes which have occurred in the markets during the year whose last page we have just turned. The clean sheet lies before us, on which we can more confidently descry a hope for cheerfuller reading in this brighter New Year. The approaching end of the War, with its hopes for Kaffirs: the liquidation of the scandalous Globe, with its prospects of purer Westralians: the fuel-saving in the Home Railway Market, with its chances of better dividends for long-suffering stockholders—these are a few of the influences now at work to cheer the world of finance. But, before we part with the unkind Old Year, let us don our retrospective spectacles to see what hints can be gleaned from a comparison of prices at the two ends of 1901.

THE GOVERNMENT MARKETS.

The Bank Rate, alternate skeleton and fairy-godmother in the cupboard of the gilt-edged markets, began and ended the year at the same level—that is, 4 per cent., after getting up to 5 per cent. last January, and down to 3 per cent. in the middle of June. But the Consol Market all through the year had the heavy hand of Government-borrowing for War purposes laid upon its head, and at one time Goschens slumped to 91, tearing down all other investment stocks with them. Their subsequent improvement can be noted in this table—

	Dec. 31, 1900.	Dec. 28, 1901.	Rise or Fall.
Consols	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Nat. War Loan	98	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ $\frac{1}{2}$
India Threes	108	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	- 8 $\frac{3}{4}$
New South Wales Threes	100	96	- 4
Argentine Funding	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{4}$	- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Chili 1886	87	82	- 5
Brazil Fours	63	67	+ 4
Portuguese	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{4}$	+ 2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Spanish	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{3}{4}$	+ 7 $\frac{1}{4}$
Transvaal Fives	101	103	+ 2

Heavy Colonial borrowing followed the inclusion of many Australian and New Zealand stocks in the Trustee list, but the new privilege has not assisted the price of their securities to any extent so far, although it must do so in course of time. Argentine and Chili Bonds, after a fairly quiet year, fluctuated wildly the last few weeks at the possible outbreak of long-threatened hostilities, now apparently averted. Japanese and Chinese stocks kept hard, upon the more peaceable aspect in the Far East; and Transvaal Fives, since the principal and coupons have been secured by British guarantee, are calmly waiting, at three points over par, to be paid off.

HOME RAILS.

Not until the last month of the year did Home Rails so much as attempt to overcome the dismal depression into which they were plunged

by the woefully bad dividends for the first six months (mainly consequent upon abnormal coal-bills), and, after that, by declining traffics, which followed upon the falling-off of trade throughout the country. But the last quarter of the year has put quite a new complexion upon traffic statistics, and in one or two cases, notably the Midland, a large decrease will probably be turned into a substantial gain. With the dividend prospects of our Railways we dealt last week, coming to the conclusion that there are quite fair hopes for thinking an advance in dividend is likely in several instances. To return to our prices—

	Dec. 31, 1900.	Dec. 28, 1901.	Fall.
Brighton "A"	132 $\frac{1}{2}$	123 $\frac{1}{2}$	9
Chatham Ord.	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Dover "A"	70	55 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Eastern	108	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Western	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	137	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and North-Western	179 $\frac{1}{2}$	167	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Def.	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	9
North-Eastern Con.	168	155	13
Metropolitan	83	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Met. District	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	29	$\frac{1}{2}$
Central London	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ =95	107	(Rise) 12

It has been a year of abasement for steam railways and of immense strides in schemes for electrical railways. Even City and South London stock advanced from 54 to nearly ten points higher, closing the year at 63, almost the top quotation of the twelvemonth.

YANKEES AND CANADIAN RAILS.

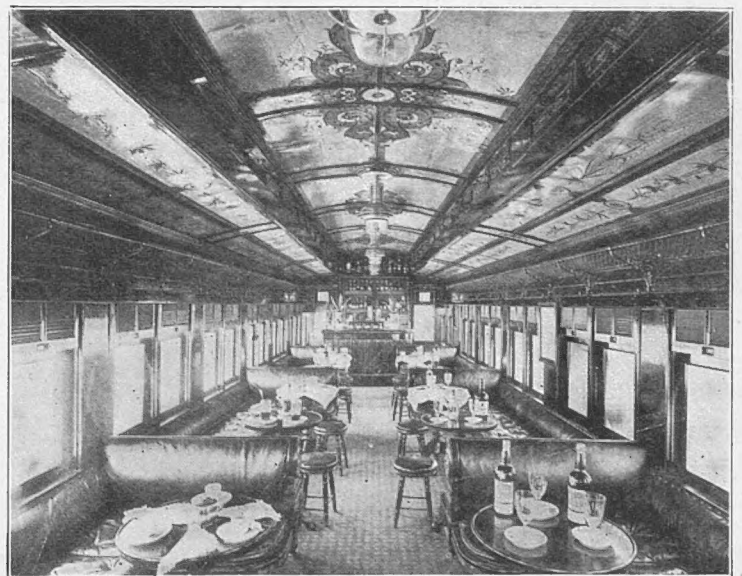
The roar of a mighty boom will live long in the ears of those who were bulls (or bears) of Yankees during the past year of grace. Starting in the United States, the boom gathered strength in that country unaided by any encouragement on this side, and swung along in full flood until at last a Northern Pacific gamble was carried to a frenzied corner, when the market collapsed with a run. Although that check was soon removed, the market failed to make up all its lost ground, but the enhancement of values during the year is still immense, as these figures show—

	Dec. 31, 1900.	Dec. 28, 1901.	Rise.
Atchison Common	48	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	34 $\frac{1}{2}$
Baltimore and Ohio	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{3}{4}$	19 $\frac{1}{4}$
Chicago and Milwaukee	152	169 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Erie	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	17
Louisville	90 $\frac{1}{4}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{4}$
Norfolks	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Southern Common	23 $\frac{1}{4}$	34 $\frac{1}{4}$	11
Union	82 $\frac{1}{4}$	106 $\frac{3}{4}$	24 $\frac{3}{4}$
Canadian Pacific	94 $\frac{3}{4}$	116 $\frac{3}{4}$	22
Grand Trunk 1st Pref.	89	97	8
" 2nd Pref.	62	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$

In the Foreign Railway department, the most interesting feature of 1901 is the amalgamation of the Central Argentine Railway with the Rosario Company. The Ordinary stock of the former has risen from 101 to 111, but Rosario is stationary at 65. Our illustrations of the Central Argentine Railway this week give some slight idea of the importance of the Company, travelling over whose lines can be done with that comfort and luxury so often lamentably lacking on our own railways.

INDUSTRIALS.

It has been a year of unusual lack of business in the Miscellaneous—the Industrial—Market of the Stock Exchange. Despite the all-round quietude of trade generally, the public has failed to take any interest in the home investments which ordinarily attract attention when a man's business yields him only a working profit. Perhaps the unsavoury "revelations" with regard to Allsopp, Welsbach, and other Companies have frightened the capitalist from this department. Here and there, shares have flared up into momentary prominence, but, on the whole, 1901 leaves the Miscellaneous Market very little to be thankful for.



CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY: REFRESHMENT SALOON.



We append a few representative prices, but there is not much temptation to quote a lengthy list—

	Dec. 31, 1900.	Dec. 28, 1901.	Rise or Fall.
Aërated Bread ...	14	13½	— ½
Allsopp Deferred ...	26	16½	— 9½
Bovril Ordinary ...	1	1½	+ ½
Callender's Cable ...	13	17	+ 4
Crystal Palace 1st Deb. ...	85	79	— 6
Gas Light Ordinary ...	96	98	+ 2
National Telephone ...	4½	3½	— 1
Lyons ...	6½	6½	—
Kodak ...	2½	2½	—
Linotype Deferred ...	6½	4	— 2½
Lipton ...	2½	1½	— 1
Russian Petroleum ...	2½	1½	— 1
Salmon and Gluckstein ...	2	4s.	+ 4s.
Welsbach Ordinary ...	34	12	— 22
Vickers ...	5½	3	— 2½
London General Omnibus ...	152	100	— 52

The year proved disastrous to many of the great combination Companies; it caused severe heart-burn in the coal and iron industries, from fear of American competition; it saw our American cousins buying up British ships, Match Companies, and invading our markets with fair success in directions other than the cycle trade. It witnessed a sharp boomlet in South African Cold Storage shares; but, on the whole, for the Industrial Market it has been an unprofitable period.

#### THE MINING MARKETS.

In the Kaffir Circus what little business came to the market was mainly of the professional order. Rumours of peace negotiations and news of unfortunate "accidents" in the field kept the market in a hot-and-cold state that was singularly discouraging to outside operators, who preferred the fence as long as the news was so exasperating. But a stimulus was administered by the resumption of work, first upon seven mining properties and afterwards upon a number of others, while the striking of the reef in the Turf Club ground at Johannesburg cheered Kaffirs considerably. Quite lately a burst of Continental and professional buying has lifted the market on to a higher level altogether, and prices now compare very favourably indeed with those ruling at the beginning of the year. Lack of space precludes us from mentioning more than a few—

	Dec. 31, 1900.	Dec. 28, 1901.	Rise.
Chartered ...	3½	3½	—
De Beers ...	29	40½	+ 11½
East Rand ...	7½	8½	+ 1
Goldfields ...	7½	8½	+ 1
Knights ...	5½	7½	+ 2
Modders ...	9½	13½	+ 4
Randfontein ...	2½	3½	+ 1
Rand Mines ...	39½	11=44	+ 4½

West Africans, after a trying experience of Mr. Chamberlain, want of support, disappointing crushings, and general suspicion on the part of the public, firmed up from their lowest levels, but still Wassaus have fallen from 7 to 5½, Gold Coast Amalgamated from 15 to 8½, and so on down the list, rises being few and far between.

#### WESTRALIAN AND OTHER MINES.

Out of the cruel collapse of the Globe group—which happened just before the present year first saw the light—the Westralian Market has reaped little else but malodour, loss of money, loss of all public respect, and consequent failure of business. In the autumn some airy talk of amalgamation amongst the principal Companies brought in a few buyers. After passing through a year of so much storm and stress, the wonder is that Kangaroos do not show much greater fluctuations than we note herewith—

	Dec. 31, 1900.	Dec. 28, 1901.	Rise or Fall.
Golden Horseshoe ...	9½	10½	+ 1
Great Boulder Perseverance ...	8½	10½	+ 2½
Great Fingall ...	5½	14½	+ 9
Ivanhoe ...	8½	7½	— 1
Kalgurli ...	3½	3½	—
Lake View ...	9	6½	— 2½

Although Rio Tinto and Anaconda shares are dealt in in the Foreign Market, we may mention here that the price of the former on Dec. 31, 1900, was 57½, from which it has declined £16 7s. 6d., to 41½, upon the mad gambling that caused the price of copper to slump, while Anacondas have dropped from 10½ to 6½, a fall of £3 8s. 9d. per share. Another mining share which has come down heavily is the Waihi, tumbling from 11½ to 5½, thus reducing the price by practically one-half. Mount Morgans at 4½ compare with £5 at the year's beginning, but the Indian list redeems the Miscellaneous Mining Market from all-round loss, and Mysore have steadily mounted, standing now at 5½, or ½ above the price on Dec. 31, 1900. Stratton's—poor Stratton's!—have receded from 1½ to ½ at the discouraging reports upon the mine received from Mr. J. H. Hammond. Le Roi, at 4½, are about five-and-twenty shillings below the opening quotation of 1901, and the fearfully rigged Le Roi No. 2 has crashed from 8 to 3.

#### FROM OUR BROKEN HILL CORRESPONDENT.

Under date Nov. 18, 1901, our Correspondent at Broken Hill sends us a New Year's card which breathes of chastened hope rather than exultant optimism. He shall speak for himself—

Broken Hill, Nov. 18, 1901.

The apparent return of prosperity to Broken Hill of which I wrote a couple of months ago soon pricked like a bubble, and things are in a more deplorable state on the field at the present time than at any other period this year. Lead,

when I last wrote, showed a tendency to rise, but it soon lost that tendency, and, at the moment of writing, is quoted at £11 1s. 3d. per ton. Whether it will fall lower we here cannot say, but we are pinning our faith to advices from the Continent that an advance may be looked for early in the year. Zinc and silver also are low. Why? Broken Hill cannot answer the query.

Meantime, business in the town is depressed, the closed-down mines show no disposition to reopen, and there are rumours that, if metals do not improve, some of the few properties still operating will also put up the shutters. The one thing we are setting our hopes upon at present is the new desulphurising process—or processes, for at least three are being tested.

The Carmichael-Bradford process, which I have already explained, has, so far, met all the calls made upon it. A series of tests were made in West Australia, on both gold and silver sulphides, and the results were such that the mining people concerned in the experiments rushed the inventors to secure an interest. A Company has been formed in Broken Hill to exploit the process, and it is to be submitted to thorough tests next week. Knowing what I do, I have no fear of the result. The B. H. Proprietary and Sulphide Corporation have been experimenting with the Huntington-Heberlein process at Port Pirie and Cockle Creek respectively. At Port Pirie it did what it was asked to do and led to a recovery of 95 per cent. from the ore treated. The Cockle Creek trials, however, have not been so good. The people at the back of the process ask a tremendous royalty, and this will affect negotiations for its adoption, turning the tide in favour of the Carmichael process, which is cheaper, occupies less time in its operation, and gives a recovery of but a fraction under 100 per cent.—nominally leads to no loss whatever. Mr. J. Greenway, General Manager of Block 14, is also trying a process of his own at Port Adelaide, the basis being a system of briquetting, which, it is reported, has given a recovery of 97 per cent.

There can be no doubt that more effective treatment of the ores is the secret of the Barrier's future prosperity. A recovery of the metal-contents of the concentrates in smelting, of course, means a lot, but the field is still awaiting a perfect process for recovering the metals in the crude ores. Each month brings an improvement, but all methods and processes still lack the requisite perfection. In the matter of zincs, however, excellent progress has been made. The Mechernich patent, tried on the Central Mine (Sulphide Corporation) has been doing really good work. Although only an experimental plant, it has been treating at the rate of 250 tons of middlings a-week. The stuff is worth about 20 per cent. for zinc, and the recovery has averaged 80 to 90 per cent. of the zinc, 85 to 90 per cent. of the silver, and 80 per cent. of the lead. This return has been satisfactory to all parties concerned, the product going nearly 41 per cent. for zinc. But the Australian Metal Company, the pioneers of zinc treatment in Broken Hill, has perfected a machine that gives even better results, yielding a 46 and 47 per cent. product. And the sequel of this machine is that the Company's works here are to be reopened in the course of a few weeks—before Christmas, the Management states. The works have been closed since zinc slumped, about twelve months ago. Block 10 Company last Saturday finished the delivery of 100,000 tons of tailings to the Company's works.

Among the mines still in full blast—Proprietary, Sulphide Corporation, Block 10, South, Block 14, and some of the smaller ones—economies have been the order of the day. The Sulphide Corporation the other week adopted a new system of working underground. One shift, the 12 midnight to 8 a.m., was knocked off, and the men engaged thereon distributed over the two shifts extending from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., and 4 p.m. to midnight. No men were got rid of, but the Company saves a considerable amount per week in connection with the use of its machinery, and also gets 10 per cent. more work out of its employés. Men are usually not in a fit condition, especially in the summer, to go to work at midnight. They are, at least, tired, so that their labour is apt to be slurred. So far, the scheme has worked admirably, and the output of the two shifts has been more than sufficient to keep the mill going the full three shifts. Of the mine there is nothing new to say. No appreciable difference has been made in the ore reserves, the grade of ores continues good, and the machinery has been running without a hitch.

The Proprietary has been shipping ore away at the rate of about 5000 tons a-week (a trifle more, to be correct), half concentrates, half high-value carbonates. The new mill has been doing admirable work, a still better lead-recovery is being won in the smelting, the coke-works have proved a success, and the new flux deposits at Iron Monarch are now being utilised. On the mine, the lode at the 650-foot McBryde section has been proved 100 feet wide, and driving has started at Delprat's 650-foot. Elsewhere there is no new development, but there is also no retrogression either in the quantity or quality of the ore. Fortunately, the carbonate supply holds out well; had the mine to depend on its sulphides alone—well, I am afraid even it, huge thing as it is, would have had ere this to have closed the front-door for a time. A couple of weeks ago, some of the men on this mine took it into their heads to agitate for a revision of the contract system of working. The Labour Association, the A.M.A., took up the case of the men and attempted to dictate to the Management; but the Management was firm and refused to recognise the Association, and, as it spoke in no uncertain tone, the trouble seems to have petered out. Anyway, nothing more has been heard of it. The men employed at the Cockle Creek works of the Sulphide Corporation did strike the other week for higher wages, and they got them too.

Saturday, Dec. 28, 1901.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
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- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
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Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

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T. A. E.—You will be much better off in dealing with a member of the London Stock Exchange. We do not love the firm you mention.